

75¢

Bitter Sweet

AUGUST NINETEEN HUNDRED EIGHTY ONE

WESTERN MAINE
PERSPECTIVES

VOLUME FOUR, NUMBER EIGHT



"The End Of The Hunt"—by Winslow Homer

Bridgton's Housewright: Brian Haddock

Bryant Pond's Boiler Room

Fare Share Co-op Store

Joyce Butler Recounts A Family Vacation

Vitamins: A Doctor's Caution

The Story Of A Rescue Unit

Seikkailuni Marja Matkalla: A Finnish Tale

East/West Salads

Poland Spring's Past Glory

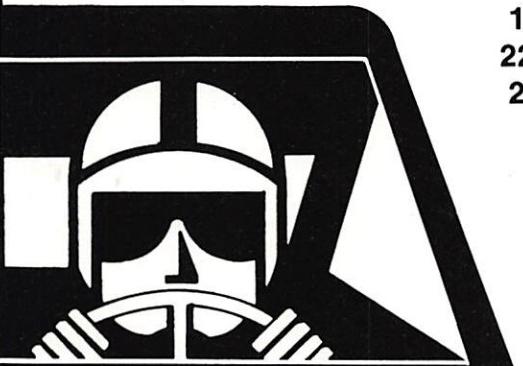
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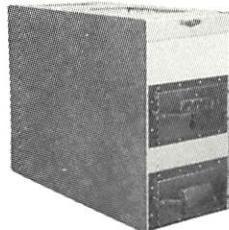


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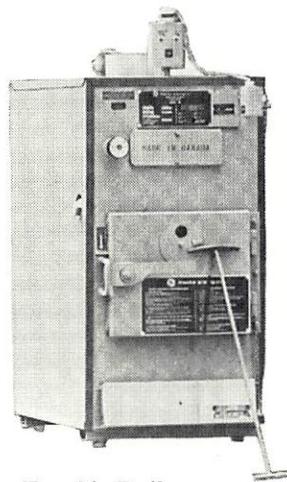
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"I am convinced, both by faith and experience, that to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship but a pastime . . . if we live simply and wisely."

—Henry David Thoreau

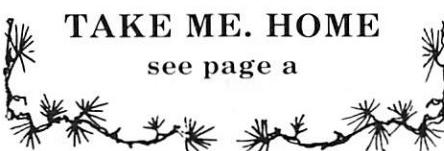
Credits

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Contributions: We encourage the sub-



August is a quiet month of sunny, beautiful days and cool, stimulating evenings. It is a perfect time to journey out for summer experiences. If you're wondering what to do with your summer vacation or lazy weekend, here is a tiny sampling of the things we've seen recently:

Books-n-Things in Oxford

Right now the multi-faceted Books-n-Things is displaying in their window a charming collection of new porcelain dolls beautifully created in the old French manner by dollmaker Michael Hatch, along with some of their books on dolls. While we're on the subject, why not visit your local bookstore for some summer reading or perhaps a craft book to prepare for fall projects?

Dinner Theatre in South Paris

We paid a visit to Positively Maine Street in South Paris recently, where

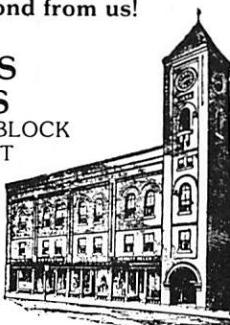
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owner Brian Goodwin and manager Henry St. Pierre are trying a sophisticated innovation for this area in dinner theatre.

Of course, if you're going to innovate, you can't go far wrong with Lew Alessio and Beth Dunlap of the Maine Acting Company. Nor can you miss with *The Owl And The Pussy-cat*, Bill Manhoff's witty, irreverent, and raucous comedy of a mismatched couple in San Francisco.

As two people hiding behind very opposite false names and phony images, Alessio as the self-righteous *Owl* ("I am an intellectual; I am not at the mercy of what I want to do") and Dunlap as the libidinous *Pussycat* ("I fall in love two or three times a week") ably convey the fact that they each hide a soft core of affection beneath a constant, frenzied battle of attraction and rejection ("I'm gonna stay right here and hate you to your face"), both physical and mental.

What it's all about is being real—and not being afraid of what you don't understand. And that's very real, indeed.

The stage setting is intimate (and thus the actors must draw back a little from full-blown mannerisms not

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necessary here); the acting is imaginative and exciting (*not* enervating!); the acoustics excellent; the play funny-poignant; the chairs comfortable; and the buffet (served 6:30-8:30) a delicately-seasoned summer delight—all in all well worth partaking. *The Owl And The Pussycat* returns on August 10th and 11th at 9 p.m. Also on tap: Neil Simon's *The Good Doctor*, done in the round on August 24th and 25th. Reservations are required.

It's an interesting complement to their successful big band "PMS Express" playing every Wednesday 8-11. It just shows you what good ideas will produce!

A funny thing happened on the way to last month's cover. Of course, it wasn't funny at all at the time—all the covers printed with a Winslow Homer painting to coordinate with a story inside were ruined and we had to rely on another cover. But, little disasters do have a way of becoming if not humorous, at least wryly amusing. And so we bring you the reprinted Winslow Homer painting "The End Of The Hunt" this month, even though the first *Mainestreams in Art* feature by art expert Martin Dibner had already been printed in the July pages. Mr. Dibner graciously understood, and we hope you did, too.

That wonderful painting is part of the outstanding collection of one of Maine's leading museums:

The Bowdoin Museum of Art

The Walker Art Building (built in 1894 by the famous architecture firm of McKim, Mead and White) on the Bowdoin campus in Brunswick is open to the public for free viewing of a significant collection which started with old master prints and drawings in 1811 and today includes such Colonial and Federal portraits as

those of Gilbert Stuart and Robert Feke.

In addition to collections of ancient sculpture, pottery, and bronzes, the Bowdoin museum also contains Renaissance art, Chinese and Korean ceramics, and works of such 19th and 20th century artists as Thomas Eakins, Marsden Hartley, Andrew Wyeth, and Leonard Baskin.

Their Homer collection is the finest anywhere, having been given to the college by the Homer family from the artist's Prout's Neck studio in 1964, and augmented recently by a large number of his woodcuts.

The museum is open Tuesday through Friday 10-5 and 7-8:30; Saturday 10-5; and Sunday 2-5. (Closed Monday.)

A trip to any museum in the state is a delightful way to spend an afternoon. For a booklet listing all the museums in the state, write to the Maine Publicity Bureau, 97 Winthrop Street, Hallowell, Me 04347.

August BitterSweet

Naturally, one of the finest repositories of good reading and good ideas is within these pages. This month is no exception. Among the tidbits is our newest contributor, Joyce Butler, long a well-known writer in the York County area, now praised state-wide for her popular book on the '47 fires.

Another interesting feature this month is a small tale written by a woman of Finnish descent and translated for us by Rev. John Haverinen into that fascinating Scandinavian language of our neighbors.

P. S.: Watch next month for the excellent results of our young people's writing contest.

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BRIAN HADDOCK

It's a classic case of "the cobbler's children having no shoes"—in this case, it's the carpenter's family living in an unfinished house.

For Brian Haddock of Bridgton, his woodworking expertise has become in such demand that he and his wife Louise, a nurse at Northern Cumberland Memorial Hospital, and son Joshua, 5, have lived in a partially-completed house since 1973.

That house is quite beautiful, in the richest of old Colonial manners—with lofty 10-foot ceilings, big 12-over-12 windows, dark clapboards, dormers, and an 18th-century-style Count Rumford fireplace. But it is not



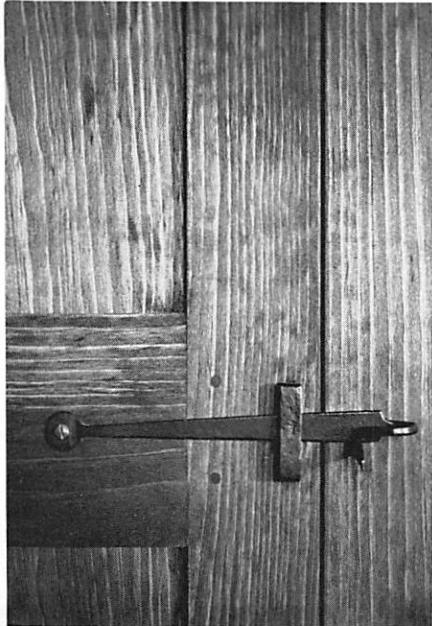
finished, nonetheless.

One gets the distinct impression that Brian Haddock does not do anything unless he can do it carefully and well.

He and his crew of three build not only houses but barns and commercial buildings; not only buildings but also furniture, cabinets, and additions. They restore structures from the past as well.

Haddock's work speaks quite eloquently for itself. It bears close inspection because it is built carefully, with well-matched boards, fine woods, near-perfect joints and corners, smooth finishes.

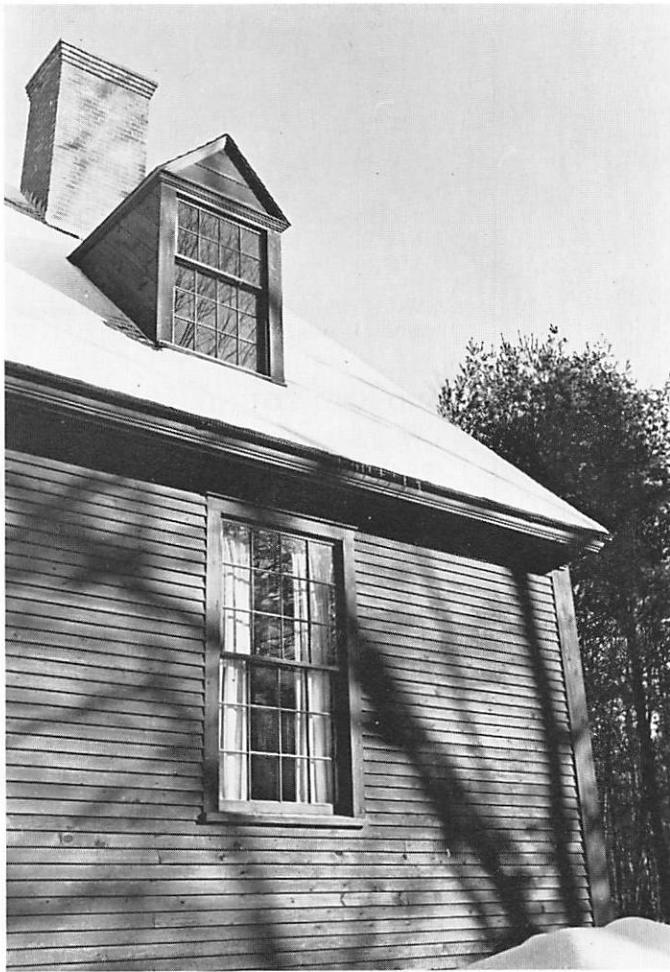
Brian Haddock himself seems carefully finished: well-honed, perfectly tailored. He speaks deliberately; displays his well-limned drawings with neat square hands. He is a skilled designer and an excellent carpenter.



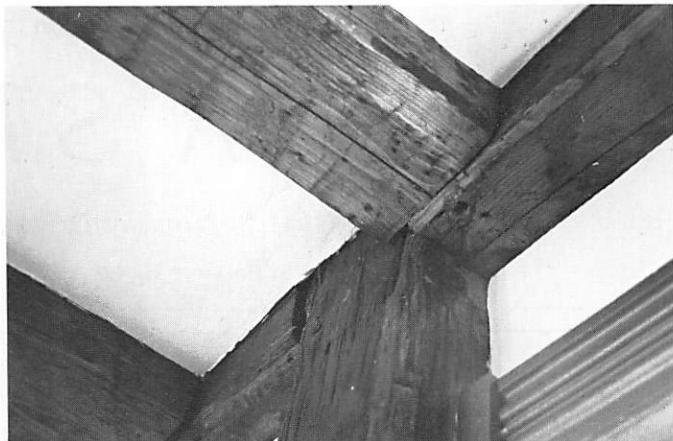
He has not always been a builder, though. He has been a student at Hebron Academy and at Union College in Schenectady, New York. He has been a struggling photographer moonlighting at driving a cab in Portland while Louise worked in the hospital there. But he learned woodworking early, from his carpenter father in Windham.

It was the best kind of training, he says. "You couldn't have better experience, craftwise. There was a volume and diversity of work." And he learned it well. So when the time came that he wanted to leave a job that was not tied in with his creativity, he came back to woodworking.

With his range and experience, he can take on the unique jobs that he likes: matching antique woodwork; renovating fancy millwork;



HOUSEWRIGHT



Above, left: details of Haddock's own home; above, right: restoration of old ceiling beams and plaster; below: an individual kitchen design. Opposite page: Brian Haddock in his own kitchen, and details of doors; each one built with great craftsmanship

designing a solar house or a ship-lap kitchen.

He likes to work in unconventional woods, too. The better woods he finds hard to come by except in Boston: cherry, oak, rock and birdseye maple. Still, he finds living where he does to be an advantage—for the skilled local craftsmen and for the availability of local woods like pine, maple, birch, ash, and beech. He dries them himself. He also makes his own trim, builds his own doors, and so on.

Brian Haddock likes to assure the fit and dimensions of all his crew's work by designing it all—no factory trim here. His design work is inclusive with jobs that he contracts; but he also does separate design work for a fee. And he does it to perfection.

"I especially like the coordination of a design . . . the continuity . . . to enhance the job and to get people thinking," he says. "My incentive is

the enjoyment of doing it and the satisfaction of a quality product.

"I want to build . . . a house, a cabinet, furniture that is nice to look at, to live with, to take care of. I think architectural woodworking has benefitted from the renaissance of schools teaching sculptors and furniture designers."

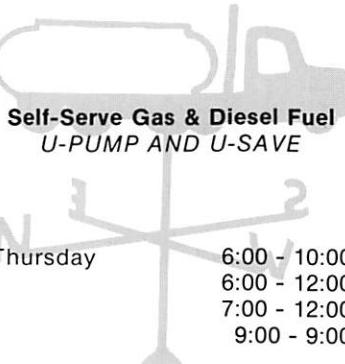
Though he's good enough to have been selected by Greater Portland Landmarks to do the renovation of a Greek Revival building on Munjoy Hill, Haddock does not work in any one style.

"I like good traditional and good contemporary," he emphasizes. "And lots of natural light."

The care and dedication Brian Haddock puts into everything he does speaks clearly to the ideal of old Yankee craftsmanship.

Western Maine is fortunate to have him.





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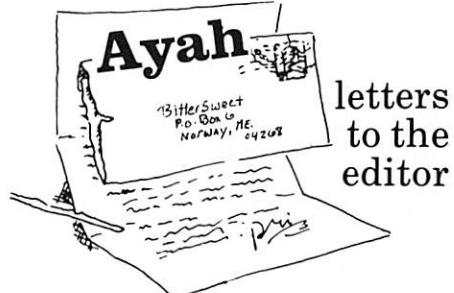
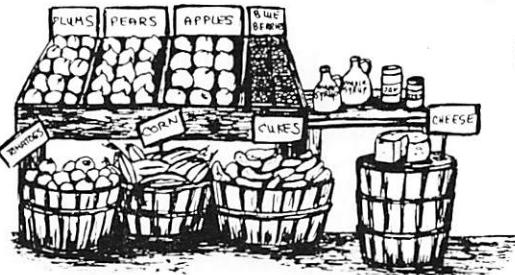
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**letters
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OLD AND YOUNG

We greatly enjoy the magazine and you do a really nice job in getting a variety of subjects for old and young.

*Mr. & Mrs. Herbert Kittredge
 Bethel*

SHAW'S ORCHESTRA

Your correspondent just cut out the story of Shaw's Snappy Syncopators from the April, 1981 issue of *Bitter-Sweet* to send to an old pal in Boston, as he and I both danced each Wednesday night at the Ricker Inn to the unforgettable music the orchestra provided for the help at the Poland Spring complex.

Despite some arthritic fingers that no longer control the typewriter keys, to write and congratulate you for this beautiful story is a "must." What's more, added thanks for the thousand or so memories that passed in review as I read the story.

My dancing days are long gone, as my mortal enemy (the clock) ticks away the seconds and hours, but to quote an old and beautiful tune, "The Memory Lingers On."

I first became acquainted with Shaw's Syncopation in 1926 when I was a bit too young to get to the weekly dance. At the time I was a caddie at Poland Spring Caddie Camp. In 1928 and 1929, however, the age barrier was gone and without fail, with my pals, my steps all led to the Ricker Inn and the beautiful ballroom, now studios for WMTW-TV, Channel 8... My memories of the Syncopators, the Ricker Inn, and the grand group that enjoyed the weekly dances are legion, each one a treasure.

So, from an old-timer, many thanks for this...nostalgic feature. Believe me, I'm grateful.

*Bill McMorrow
 Poland Spring*

They Run For Your Life

by Pat White Gorrie

They get high on helping people. Ask any volunteer rescue worker why he or she does it, and after the startled look, the mumbled "there's a need for it," or "I want to do something useful," they begin to describe what it's like and it doesn't take long to get the message:

Being on a rescue squad beats "sitting home" by a mile. There is more than a feeling of self-respect and pride at the service they are providing. *It's exciting.*

Undoubtedly, it puts them smack into the mainstream of human life, and because of it they themselves feel more "alive." The crackle of static and the voice of the dispatcher breaking through at 2 a.m., requesting a unit . . . "possible heart attack" . . . shoots adrenalin through them like a glass of cold water tossed in the face: instantly they're awake, up, dressed, *out*. (Usually the wagon is on its way from the fire station within minutes of a call.)

Let the rest of the world sleep on. They're where the action is at, any moment, day or night, when "action" means someone is sick, hurt, or possibly even dying. In short, if someone needs help in a hurry, and rapid transportation to a hospital—or even if someone *may* need it—they're on the way.

Reassuringly, there are always units standing by at fires, special events, fairs, and during warm-ups and races at the Oxford Plains Speedway—"just in case."

Underneath the glamour and the tension of the job, is a professionalism born of hard work; grueling, mind-boggling training that never really ends; and experience that accumulates rapidly. Volunteer rescue workers are "amateur" only in terms of pay, which is non-existent.

Rockathons, walkathons, bike-athons, field days, variety shows, donations, and town tax money pay for the tools of their trade—the vans, equipment, gasoline, and medical supplies.

Business meetings are combined with lectures and practice sessions on everything from shock to broken bones to childbirth. With "Jaws of Life" they learn how to pull a wrecked automobile apart to reach a trapped occupant—and they know how to extricate him if he's injured. Snapped spines, fractured skulls, internal bleeding—after a while they take the training films, and the real-life accidents in stride. But not *too* much in stride.

"If you ever stop being scared, get out," an instructor warns. Overconfidence could be as much a detriment to performance as incompetence.

When other folks are relaxing in front of the television set, rescue squad members are apt to be attending classes in First Aid, Advanced First Aid, and an endless stream of refresher courses and special demonstrations (like the one at Hebron Academy's Pool where they practiced life-saving techniques for drowning victims.)

Once they tuck those qualifications under their belts, most of them take the brave plunge toward EMT (Emergency Medical Training) certification—an intense, highly-

Pat Poziwilko, chief



condensed course in medical terminology, diagnosis, and treatment that terrifies them beforehand, worries (and exhausts) them during, and gives them the thrill of a peak experience once it is over with and they are handed their EMT patch—that is, if they pass the difficult written and practical tests. As one grad said, "It's like going through eight years of medical training in three months!"

And that's not all. Usually, fast on the heels of EMT training is a 10-hour stint working in the emergency room of a hospital. Many rescue workers, in fact, volunteer for duty there on a weekly basis, to augment their training and boost their confidence.

Who are these people? Where does this pool of dedicated, tender, caring, responsive individuals come from?

They're all around you. Seventeen-year-old Scott Hunter is a "school kid" who, incredibly, became an EMT when only sixteen. He has earned the respect of co-workers three times his age.

Lottie Record is a dynamo of "retirement age" who joined Oxford's squad four years ago and finally realized her youthful dream to "be an ambulance driver." One can hardly picture Lottie retiring from anything, certainly not from involvement in life. She just passed her EMT course recently.

Auto mechanics, construction workers, school teachers, housewives, nurses, barbers, accountants, and an occasional true medical professional such as Frank Hodson who works as an anesthetist at Bridgton Hospital, make up the teams.

Pat Poziwilko, chief of the Oxford-Otisfield squad, spoke of how well the unlikely mixture of people work together, especially under stress. "Personal differences disappear. They do the job at hand extremely well, especially, it's strange to say, under pressure.

Page 9 . . .

A Winning Combination . . .

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... Page 7 They Run For Your Life

"I remember two major accidents," he went on, "in which all three units responded, where the team came through with flying colors. One was a head-on collision involving a car and a pick-up truck that had probably hydroplaned in the pouring rain. One of the victims had such a badly broken foot he was actually trying to stand on his ankle. Four people had to be transferred to the hospital.

"The other accident happened late at night when a vehicle swerved off a narrow winding road and sideswiped a telephone pole. Ribs were broken, arms were broken, a liver punctured. Two of the occupants were in very serious physical shape. There was a lot of profuse bleeding. And worst of all, the doors were jammed and we had to extricate a victim through the back window.

"This was the accident that jarred us into realizing how badly we needed the Jaws of Life extrication apparatus . . . it can cut a car door open in seconds. With a lot of hustling we managed to get one before very long. They're expensive but we knew we should have it and we communicated that urgency."

Pat felt the rescue workers who responded to those two accidents did a superb job of checking vital signs, applying emergency treatment, and getting the victims to the hospital as quickly as possible.

Living in Maine is in many ways a privilege and a blessing. But the little country towns, with their roads and houses spread far and wide, can be not only peaceful, but lonely, frightening, and threatening—especially of there's a medical emergency.

Is this where you come in?

Lottie Record



Scott Hunter

If you would like to sit in on a meeting or lecture, with the thought in mind that you might make the commitment to join a rescue squad, contact the one that serves your area. They are always looking for new members:

A partial list is as follows:

Oxford-Otisfield Rescue Squad

(539-4422)

Chief, Pat Poziwilko (539-4573)

Poland Rescue Squad (998-4911)

Chief, Pat Nash

Tri-Town Rescue Squad (674-2624)

Serving Woodstock, Greenwood,
Bryant Pond, West Paris, Sumner
Chief, Sally Wilson

Hebron-Buckfield Rescue Squad (966-2143)

Chief, Kathryn King

Bethel Rescue Squad (824-2456)

Chief, Arlene Greenleaf

Stoneham Rescue Squad

(925-1515)

Chief, Bill Severance, Jr.

Sacopee Rescue (625-8317)

Kezar Falls

Fryeburg Rescue (935-2828)

Mechanic Falls Rescue (345-2321)

Auburn Rescue (784-7331)

(Russell's Ambulance Service is privately operated, has paid attendants, and serves the Norway-Paris-Harrison area. Their number is 743-2271.)

All rescue squad phone numbers listed are for EMERGENCY only

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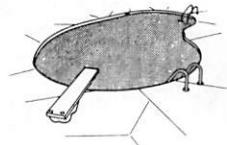
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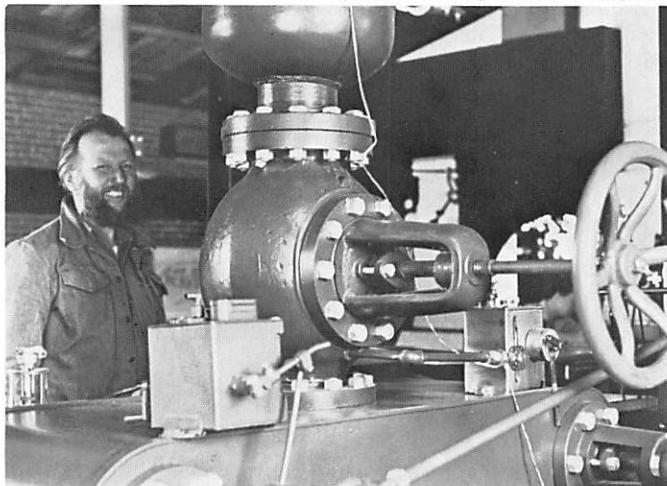
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THE BOILER ROOM

A RESTAURANT

"Uniquely Its Own"

Left: Joe Robiller and his steam engine. Right: Some of the creative touches to be found at The Boiler Room: napkins held by the mill's former product—clothespins; and Fay Corrin's original pottery for the tables.



Jochen Robiller trained as a bricklayer in his native Germany, then came to the United States at the age of eighteen. A true American success story, "Joe" had had many achievements by the time he came to Maine to find happiness on a Greenwood farm. He had been an officer in a big contracting firm; owned his own boatyard in Hingham, Mass.; sailed part way 'round the world with his wife and infant son in the "Solange"—a concrete ketch he built himself.

But it was just another winter day and Joe was working in Bryant Pond

when his latest adventure began. On a break from brick-laying, he took a walk and found the abandoned Mann's Mill complex just next door. It was an interesting set of buildings on the shore of Lake Christopher: one huge, empty brick factory, its steam boiler plant, and several decrepit outbuildings. At its peak, Mann's Mill had turned out millions of fine wooden clothespins and Fuller Brush handles for the rest of the world. But now it lay silent—only a giant wooden clothespin across the factory roof testifying to what it used to be.

"I went home," Joe says, "and said



to my wife, Louise, 'I want to buy that place,' And she said, 'Why not?'"

Why not, indeed. First of all, Louise had her hands pretty full with son Christian and a self-sustaining family farm. Secondly, no one knew exactly who owned the old mill complex. But the Robillers were game and the buildings were beautiful, so they put a real estate agent on the

They had visions of a German-American restaurant in this lovely

track of the owners and eventually they bought Mann's Mill.

Then began over three and a half years of concentrated effort—work which the three Robillers and some of their friends did practically alone. The first step was to tear down the old outbuildings. Next was to tackle the mill's brick powerhouse.

It was a fascinating structure, built in the early 1900's when Mann's relocated following several fires. The boilers, however, had been manufactured in the 1800's by the Kendall Boiler Co. at Charles River Iron Works, and they were intact: large brick chambers powered by a steam engine and dynamo using sawdust by-products of the wood-working in the mill.

It would have taken a very creative mind to see a restaurant in that low brick building, but that's just what Joe Robiller has, and that's what he and Louise set out to build.

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lake-side spot: a place, like European roadhouses, where people would drive to sit and eat good food, enjoy good company, relax and look at the view. Further than that, Robiller saw the factory itself becoming an inn of some sort.

First came the restaurant. The initial step was to tear out the brick steam chambers and to clean up the greasy equipment. It is a credit to the Robillers that they saw the benefit of leaving the machinery intact—for as a result the finished restaurant, The Boiler Room, has an atmosphere uniquely its own.

It opened in September of 1980, this dining place. Brickwork is evident throughout, from the old brick walls to the new brick bar. The equipment is preserved, not on display in a museum, but in everyday use in the lounge. The engine, painted bright green and red, is a focal point for people "who never got to touch big machinery before," according to Joe Robiller.

The metal tumbling drums from the mill are now bases for bar stools. The lights are recessed into old, hand-riveted steam pipes. Huge wooden pulleys once used for running the equipment are now individual tables for many people.

"In Germany," Joe says, "we didn't have a lot of little tables. Everyone sat together in groups and had to get to know each other. This *Stammtische*—a sort of cameraderie born of forced company—infests the Boiler Room lounge each night. It's a reflection of the cozy atmosphere: old books, low lights, warm brick, and bowls of pretzels."

The Kendall Boiler door is still there, painted black and gold. A circular saw blade is inserted in the brick entry floor. The 36-foot hand-hewn carrying beams are now exposed.

In the dining room, patrons do sit at small tables, on two levels, overlooking the broad vista of the lake through big windows. One descends a curving brick stairway to find the wine cellar—where light Rhine wines are kept chilled in the old cast-metal machinery and an antique leaded-glass window casts light upon real white cloth napkins held at each



Above: left, Louise Robiller, right Doug Woodbury in the machine-edged bar. Note Bryant Pond's hand-cranked phone. Below: huge wooden pulleys become tables



place by round wooden clothespins. Wine can be tapped individually at the booths.

Upstairs, each table is decorated with handmade pottery especially designed by their Bryant Pond neighbor Fay Corrin. Polite waiters in black vests bring specialties like *Knockwurst* and *Sauerkraut* (Beef and Pork Sausage), *Schnitzel* (Veal Cutlets), *Sauerbraten* (Pot Roast), *Rouladen* (Stuffed Beef Rolls), and *Bauern Butter Brot* (Farmer's Buttered Sandwich) out of the tiny golden kitchen. A huge panoramic

photo of Mann's Mill as it used to be graces the wall. Sunshine sparkles on the lake and through the glass of German beer.

Es ist ausgezeichnet!

The ambience and service of the restaurant, one must imagine, owe a lot to the careful management of the Robiller's recent partner, Doug Woodbury of East Stoneham. Doug came in during the final stages, when the Robillers needed some financial input and an extra pair of hands. And not enough can be said about Louise Robiller herself, whose on-premises baking of fresh rolls and pastries puts the finishing touch on a meal at The Boiler Room.

Next on the agenda is the completion of "Robiller's Resort, Inc."—the development of the factory itself. Roofwork is currently underway and the Robiller-Woodbury Investment Corp. wants to sell lake-side condominiums there. These patron-owned apartments will make use of the big old windows and the dramatic view of Mt. Abram and will soon be ready for occupancy. It's a big dream—but the folks at The Boiler Room have already proved they can fulfill big dreams. Plan on it.

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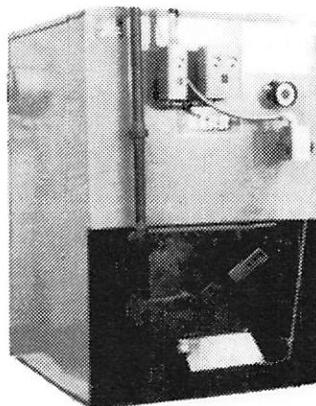
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Fortunate is the child who carries into adulthood memories of a family vacation—the flurry of preparation, the excitement of the trip, the pleasures of some holiday place. Maine, Vacationland, has provided such memories to generations of children and their parents, among them the Charles King family whose home from 1915 to 1922 was on Devonshire Street in Portland, Maine.

As minister of the Advent Christian Church on Portland's Park Avenue, Charles King took his family—his wife Dela and their six children—to the Maine Advent Christian Church's camp meeting at Big Lake in Princeton, Maine. Sixty-one years ago Ma and Pa King and five of the children would have been looking forward to their annual pilgrimage to Big Lake. Only the oldest son, his schooling completed, would have been kept home by his work in a Portland office. He would not have been sharing with the others the happy anticipation of spending the summer months at Big Lake.

Today most vacationing families travel by car, the excited children crowded with the dog into the back seat, the trunk filled with suitcases of wash-and-wear clothes and bags of convenience foods like Bisquick, cocoa mix, and canned soups. When Ma King packed for her family's vacation in 1920, there were no wash-and-wear fabrics, no instant foods, and for the King family, no car. They traveled by train from Union Station in Portland. I wonder about the clothes that had to be packed into the big trunks to be ready for pick-up by the station's Baggage Master on the day before the family's departure. I wonder how many hours Ma King spent ironing the girls' white dresses and sailor blouses; her own cotton blouses, skirts, and aprons; Pa's shirts and starched collars; and the two-piece cotton suits that Forest, the baby of the family, wore? I wonder if as she laid the carefully prepared clothes into the trunks she thought ruefully of how wrinkled they would be when she unpacked them?

I don't know if the Kings took a supply of food to Big Lake. I have read about families of the era who shipped ahead to their vacation homes jars of preserves, crocks of molasses, sacks of flour, and potatoes. Perhaps Ma packed a box with what staples she had on hand—flour, sugar. Maybe she nestled jars of the Green Tomato Pickles she'd made the September before in the trunk with the flannel blankets and the oldest patchwork quilts, which she was sending to the lake.

For the family's trip on the train, Ma would have made a picnic lunch: bacon sandwiches made with thick slices of homemade bread, and fat oatmeal cookies that she found

time to bake on the last day of frenzied preparation. Was there a jug of lemonade or did they buy Orange Crush on the train?

When the morning of departure came, the family was up before dawn. They walked the mile or two to Union Station where they would board the train. I can picture them strung out in a line along St. John Street, passing under the dark foliage of the sidewalk trees where birds were waking noisily to the pale dawn that was lifting in the East. Tall, thin Pa would have been dressed all in black except for his stiff-collared white shirt. Baby Forest probably wore a white straw hat with a stand-up brim. Ma's ankle-length black skirt would have covered the tops of her high, buttoned shoes. Her blouse would have been white with a plain brooch or a bit of lace at the throat. She probably wore a hat over her neatly coiled hair.

The children, still sleepy from their early rising, feeling strange walking the streets before the full light of day had come, would have followed behind. The older ones would have shepherded the younger. The girls would have worn their best dresses, long white stockings, and huge perky bows in their hair. Fifteen-year-old Bill, who had not yet graduated to long pants, would have worn his Sunday suit with its belted jacket, knickers, black knee-length stockings, and a stiff white collar like his father's.

I suppose during the long train ride the bows in the girls' hair came untied more than once. The knickers, stiff collars, and Ma's long skirt must have been hot and uncomfortable. Perhaps soot blew in through the open windows of the train and spotted

Forest's crisp cotton suit, already wrinkled from his clambering up and down on the hard plush seats and his snuggling on the laps of his parents. I speculate that such things happened.

The family's vacation home at Big Lake was a large shingled cottage intriguingly named "Hukweem." Inside it was unfinished, the studs of its walls exposed. Ma brightened the bare wooden walls with colorful magazine covers—pictures of babies, flowers, and animals—that she had clipped and saved all winter long. The family ate at a long plank table with benches at either side, and Ma cooked on a big, black wood stove that had a water tank on one side where water was heated for doing dishes and clothes. There were no rugs on the floor and only a few odd chairs and tables. A simple stairway led to the second floor where the children's beds were lined up down the length of one large room. Hukweem was a rough, inelegant place. It was a wonderful, magical place.

MEMORIES OF A FAMILY VACATION 1920



(From left to right): Marjorie, Bill (seated), Forest, Mrs. Della King, Beatrice. Dorothy is at the back. Devonshire Street, Portland. Inset: Charles King, pastor of Portland's Advent Christian Church.

The basic necessities of life were not as easily come by at Big Lake as at home, but such inconveniences were part of the adventure, indeed the pleasure, of vacation-time. While it was necessary to carry water twice a day from a pump set in the middle of the camp ground, pumping the water was a fascinating novelty. Why was it that the first few workings of the curved iron handle brought nothing from the spout, and then the water came, tightening the handle, coming all in a rush so that it splashed out of the bucket, soaking the wooden platform on which the pump sat and the bare toes of the children whose chore it was to bring the water? And why was it that the water was colder and sweeter than that which came from the faucets in the kitchen at home?

Another summer-time chore for the children was fetching fresh butter and eggs from a farmhouse that lay a mile or so down the road from the camp ground. The road was dusty, and the farmer's wife was a stranger. I wonder if the children picked sun-warmed blackberries along the road? I wonder if they followed the farmer's wife to a cool spring house to get the slabs of moist butter?

And there were lamps to be cleaned at Big Lake. Every night before dark someone had to clean the smoke-blackened chimneys of the kerosene lamps. Did the novelty of this chore keep it from being drudgery? Was going home in the fall to electric lights a relief?

The bathroom at Big Lake was a four-hole privy in the woods. The trip out just before bedtime was one for the sisters to share. While the smell of pine trees and the feel of pine needles underfoot were pleasant, the path through the woods was shadowed just before dark. What animals could be crouching in the pockets of night between and behind the trees? Was there an animal just there? There was not, of course, but the thought seemed to put one there.

Part of the novelty of vacation-time was the unfamiliar roles parents

played. Pa cut wood and went swimming. But even more fascinating were Ma's forays into the lake. Now and again, on a quiet evening when the children were ready for bed and, therefore, house-bound, Ma would don her modest, wool bathing suit, and taking a towel, wash cloth, and soap, would go by herself down to the water. There, shielded by a huge rock that lay on the shore, she would take a bath. Ma taking a bath was something unthinkable...not thought about at home where the bathroom was a private place.



Hukweem, at Big Lake in Princeton

Camp meeting itself provided the main fabric for vacations at Big Lake. There were services in the Tabernacle when the Elders intoned The Word. It was not unusual after a particularly inspired and fervent sermon for someone to come forward with tears, amid praise, to "accept Jesus Christ" as his "personal Savior."

There were hymn sings that

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brought pride in Pa whose fine voice could be heard above all others singing,

"Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Someone is drifting away..."

And Ma smiled with pleasure and rolled her r's as she sang her favorite hymn,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee."

Sometimes the hymn sings were held in the evening outdoors around a campfire on the shore of the lake. There was magic in a fire-lit hymn under the stars and the towering black pines.

There were baptisms for the newly-converted, too. The children usually missed the reverence of these occasions, their attention focusing instead on the fascinating spectacle of grown men and women walking fully dressed into the lake to be immersed on the strong arm of one of the Elders.

There were other summer rituals. One of these was a trip by canoe down the lake to Indian Point, a reservation for some of Maine's Passamaquoddy Indians. There the Indians, who dressed like everyone else but whose faces looked different, welcomed visitors, for they hoped to sell them the blankets and baskets they had made during the winter months. Happily, Pa always managed a quarter or two to buy at least one sweet-grass basket to carry back to the cottage.

But all the adventures of Big Lake were neither planned for nor expected. One year a chipmunk brought excitement and wonder to the children. It was the first day of the family's arrival at camp. The few hours before bedtime had been spent sweeping out the cottage and getting it ready for the summer. But at last evening had come, and the children went to their beds. Pa went off to the Tabernacle to talk to the Elders. Ma sat at the long plank table reading by the light of a kerosene lamp. It was then that the chipmunk came, creeping in through the open eaves of the roof, dropping down into the children's domain.

"Ma," one of them half whispered, half called down the open stairway. "A chipmunk has come in through the roof."

"Hush," said Ma. "Be quiet and let's see what it will do."

The children, lying quietly in their beds, heard the plop, plop, plop as the little animal darted under the stairs where a line of molasses jugs which would be used for storing water were standing. To Ma's amazement the chipmunk disappeared into the narrow neck of one of the jugs. What was it doing? And then it reappeared, carrying in its mouth a tiny, hairless ball of flesh—her baby. While Ma whispered up to the children what had happened, the chipmunk dashed up the stairs and through the roof the way she had come. The children must have craned to try to get a glimpse of the baby chipmunk, and if they did not succeed the first time, there was ample opportunity to look again. The mother chipmunk made six trips in and out of the cottage, carrying her young to safety from the invaders of her winter home and nesting place. The children never forgot that lesson in bravery. It became part of the fabric of their memories of summers at Big Lake.

Summer vacations don't change. Families pack differently and travel differently than the Kings did 60 years ago. Destinations vary as do the rituals and adventures at summer homes, but the basic satisfactions of vacation-time are the same. Leaving the routine of a familiar place was and always will be exciting. And summer places always were and always will be magical—especially when preserved in the memories of one's youth.

Joyce Butler, a columnist for ten years for the York County Coast Star in Kennebunk, is the author of the books Pages From A Journal and Wildfire Loose: The Week Maine Burned.

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And dust rises from dirt roads
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The distant hills.
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The earth.
Legend has it, Thor is
Wielding a mighty hammer
Today.



Poetry by Richard Burt Kent

TIME ALONE ON AN ISLAND

for Brendan and Danny

There he stands—
Left, quite alone
This freckled-faced lad was,
By his brothers and
Steadfast want
To wear long pants.
Pacing fifteen strides
Then thirty-two, he
Tugs the aluminum craft
High on the rocky shore,
Casually tosses and skips a
Few perfect rocks;
Then shuffles his feet and
Thrusts his hands
Deep into his pockets
Causing the blades of his shoulders
To poke out.
The leather belt he wears is
Cranked to the last notch,
His trousers' waistband pleats.
Perhaps figuring his time ill-spent,
At least for a child,
He slides his sneakers off,
Rolls his pants legs
And guardedly toes his way
To the shore
From his time alone
On an island.

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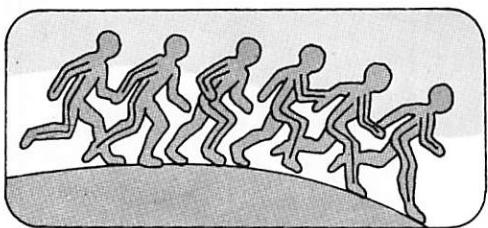
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Vitamins - Part II

Some people legitimately require a daily vitamin/mineral supplement. We discussed these instances in the column last month. These people most certainly do not number one in every three Americans, but many do require multivitamins in doses which do not exceed the recommended daily allowances. A separate area of controversy centers upon megadoses of vitamins used to treat or prevent certain diseases.

Megavitamin therapy means the giving of doses of vitamins several times above the recommended levels, sometimes even to the amount of 1,000 times the RDA, to produce a desired result suggested by vitamin manufacturers, health food faddists, and other "health experts." These unfounded claims are many: megadoses of vitamin C for cancer, of thiamin (B-1) for multiple sclerosis, of vitamin C for the common cold, of vitamin A for hyperactive children, of vitamins A and B-1 for schizophrenia and, finally, megadoses of vitamin D for certain forms of arthritis. None of these claims has been substantiated by medical research, *not even* Linus Pauling's claims about vitamin C and the common cold.

With respect to the last controversy, that of vitamin C and the common cold, there have been a dozen double-blind studies, wherein

Medicine For The Hills

by
Michael A. Lacombe,
M.D.

neither subject nor researcher knew who was taking a placebo and who was taking vitamin C until the termination of the test. None of these studies has shown any decrease in the frequency of colds in those subjects taking vitamin C.

Megadoses of vitamins are simply a waste of money and produce only expensive urine. More than this, though, megavitamin therapy can cause disease itself. Those vitamins which are fat-soluble, that is vitamins A, D, E, and K, cannot be eliminated in the urine and, when taken in large doses, accumulate in large amounts in the body. Toxicity from vitamin A can occur at daily doses which are only five to eight times greater than the RDA. Vitamin A toxicity produces stunted growth, dry cracked skin, bone pain, loss of appetite, hair loss, menstrual problems, and blurred vision, as well as the more common problems of headache, nausea, and diarrhea. Excessive amounts of vitamin D can produce kidney stones, stunted physical and mental growth, muscle and bone stiffness, cardiac arrhythmias, and in extremely large amounts, lethargy, coma, and death. Megadoses of vitamin E interfere with the blood clotting mechanism by competing with the action of vitamin K, the vitamin crucial for blood clotting. Excessive amounts of vitamin K can lead to a hemolytic anemia (low blood from fragile red

blood cells) and can lead to a severe form of jaundice.

Megadoses of vitamins can cause a problem which is of interest to medical researchers and is, for the health conscious, quite ironic. Megadoses of some of the water-soluble vitamins produce an interesting form of dependency which is dangerous and can be disease-producing. Very large doses of vitamin C create a dependency on these abnormally increased amounts and can precipitate symptoms of scurvy when the large doses are suddenly discontinued. Medical case reports cite infants born of mothers taking large supplements of vitamin C during pregnancy, in which cases the infants developed scurvy when they received "only" normal levels of the vitamin after birth—that is, were withdrawn from the prenatal megadoses of the vitamin. It seems also true that excessive amounts of one B vitamin may create a greater need for another B vitamin in increased dosages. For example, excessive amounts of pantothenic acid can produce thiamin deficiency syndromes with muscular weakness and leg cramps. The most commonly megadosed vitamin—vitamin C or ascorbic acid—can produce kidney and bladder stones in certain stone-prone individuals, as well as producing diarrhea. It has been shown also that megadoses of vitamin C produce an increased tendency of blood clotting. Birth control pills also increase the tendency to blood clotting (thromboembolism) and the two—vitamin C and birth control pills combined—have a thromboembolic effect which is addictive.

Excessive amounts of minerals can also have their problems. Excessive calcium produces drowsiness and extreme lethargy. Large amounts of phosphorus can produce a relative deficiency of calcium, and excessive amounts of magnesium can lead to muscle twitching, cramps, or seizures. Large doses of iron are especially dangerous since the body can get rid of iron only through bleeding. Excessive amounts of iron in the body cause a condition known as hemochromatosis, or "bronze diabetes," wherein iron deposits cause a peculiar tanning of the skin, as well as damage to the pancreas

page 31 . . .

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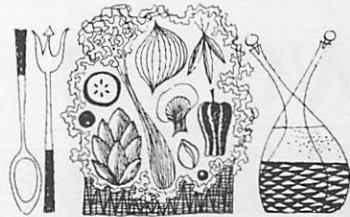
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EAST/WEST BLEND FOR SALADS

by Jack C. Barnes

Much of my life has been spent journeying about the world; and when people ask me to name the one or two most enduring influences traveling and living abroad have had on my life, I invariably answer: olive oil and soy sauce. As one might expect, I am not taken very seriously—at least not in the beginning. The truth of the matter is that both ingredients are indispensable to my daily living.

Anyone who enjoys fresh tossed salads knows that the dressing that one puts on a salad makes all the difference in the world. Every salad lover has his or her favorite dressing. My favorite dressing is one that I have developed myself and is a result of my having lived in both Greece and Japan in the early 1950's. I refer to it as the "East-West Blend" or "The Best of the East and the West."

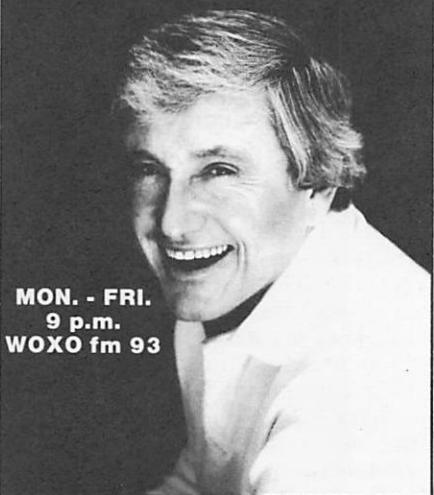
I was certainly not addicted to olive oil when I left the small town of Oshkosh, Nebraska, where I was teaching in 1952, to visit a Spanish family in Barcelona for a few weeks during my summer vacation. In the nation that leads the world in olives and olive oil production, it should not have been surprising to me that everything was thoroughly cooked in olive oil, and tomato and cucumber salads were served literally swimming in olive oil. If this were not enough, the patriarch of the family would tip back his head and let oil from a quart bottle flow into his mouth. "It is good for the digestion," was his response to the rather astonished look on my face the first time I sat down to a late-evening meal.

During my first week in Barcelona I became quite ill (for the only time in my life while traveling or living abroad). Actually, my illness was probably a result of my not being

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accustomed to eating a heavy meal shortly before midnight. It was a culture shock.

Instead of returning to Nebraska at the end of the summer, I was led by a chain of events to Greece, where I found myself a teaching position at Anatolia College in Thessaloniki. It was while living there that I finally gained the courage to try olive oil once again. It was not long before it was as vital to my diet as it was to the Greeks.

To the people living around the Mediterranean, olives and olive oil are the staff of life. It was the goddess Athena who was awarded the highest place of honor in the ancient temple called the Erechtheum on the Acropolis for her gift of the olive tree to the Athenian people. Today there is an olive tree clinging to the rocky soil and fragments of marble before the sacred temple that serves as a model for Ionic architecture. Olive trees will grow where nothing else will grow and can endure temperatures that dip well below the freezing mark. In the province of Andalusia in Spain, the olive orchards pick up where the

winter wheat fields leave off and resemble waves of soldiers marching in order up the rugged hills where their roots manage to find nourishment beneath calcareous or granitic tissue-paper soil that has been thoroughly decimated over the centuries by sheep and goats. I have wandered about the Garden of Gethsemane in Jerusalem, marveling at what are reputed to be the oldest olive trees in the world. Near the Lebanese border a kibbutz (Israeli collective) called Ein Zeitam (the Fountain of Olives) survived five attacks by Arab irregulars in 1948 when Israel was fighting for its life. On the outskirts of Jerusalem is another kibbutz called Ramat Rahel (Hill of Rachel). Near the kibbutz along the road to Bethlehem is another olive orchard that survived two bloody wars between Israelis and Jordanians in 1948 and 1967. Hopefully, the olive branch will bring peace to this troubled area.

The harvest for oil does not usually begin until December when the olives are black enough to indicate they are ripe. The select olives for the table

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and export are harvested earlier when they are either green or beginning to turn the color of straw. All the ripe olives will go to the press either for edible oils or to be processed into soap. Of the drought-resistant triad so vital to the diet of Mediterranean people—bread, wine, and oil—the olive is the last to be harvested. Winter wheat is usually in by June, and the grapes have been picked from vines that often grow between olive trees by October.

In 1954 I embarked for Japan and a teaching position in northern Honshu where the topography is much like Wisconsin with a climate to match. I immediately discovered that soy (soya) sauce is to the Japanese what olive oil is to the people of the Mediterranean. I soon grew to love the smell of soya sauce that seemed to permeate the small country inns where I often stayed while traveling about the rural areas.

The soy beans were the last of the many varieties of crops to be harvested in the area where I lived. There had been one or two killing frosts by the time the dry stalks and beans were gathered up. Every farmyard was a scene of bustling activity in anticipation of the oncoming winter. The rice and millet had been harvested, threshed, and the chaff stored for a multitude of usages. Straw sacks and mats filled with potatoes had been stored beneath the frost line in the ground. Rows of golden corn were being secured to high racks for further drying. On a clear day the clusters of gold formed a silhouette against an autumn azure sky. Long white radishes hung from the eaves of houses and sundry other buildings to dehydrate for pickling. I can still remember a young woman with her baby on her back trotting down a dusty road pulling a small wagon heaped with soy bean stalks to be taken to the farm in the village to be threshed by hand.

Japan's total production of soy beans in 1954 was only about 10 percent of its domestic consumption. Today even less acreage is devoted to

soy beans. Most of the soy beans are used to produce the very high quality soya sauce in Japan actually comes from the United States. Japan is our largest single customer for the vast amount of soy beans grown in what used to be primarily corn and cotton belt of this country—the largest producer of soy beans in the world.

For many years now we have consumed large quantities of both olive oil and soya sauce. I prefer to saute vegetables such as egg plant, peppers, and onions, in pure olive oil. In fact, we would use nothing but the oil from the olive for cooking if imported oil were not so expensive. Soya sauce is wonderful on fish and all kinds of cooked greens. I also like to sprinkle a little on my egg plant as I am frying the thin slices. To be without soya sauce in our house is nothing short of a disaster.

It was shortly after my return from Japan that I combined the best of the East and the West by blending olive oil with soya sauce, and adding some wine vinegar (for certainly one must not forget the grape). Over the years I have won numerous converts with my mixture. Many have told me they no longer purchase prepared dressings in the store. Of course, many want to know exactly how much of the three major ingredients to use. My answer is always the same: taste it and keep tasting it until it satisfies your individual palate. I do, however, recommend that one use the three major ingredients in the following proportions to start with: 1 cup of olive oil, 1/2 cup of soya sauce, and 1/4 cup of wine vinegar. Be certain to shake the mixture well just before using, for olive oil will rise to the top level and soya sauce will sink rapidly to the bottom. If you are a salad lover, you too may want to combine the best of two cultures.

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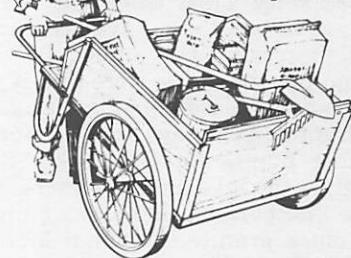
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POLAND SPRING'S FADED GLORY

by Edith Labbie

Ever since 1794, when the Ricker family built their original house, there have been accommodations at that location serving the public. In 1884 the towers of the Poland Spring House were raised on the hillside.

Soon a whole colony of buildings surrounded the grand hotel: stables, carriage house, cooperage, blacksmith shop, summer homes for the Ricker family, and a bathing house on the lake, among others. A Spanish-style spring house and bottling plant was built; and in 1893, the pink and black granite octagonal Maine State Building was moved there on railway cars from the Chicago World's Fair Exposition to become museum, offices, and library.

In 1912 the handsome granite All-Soul's Chapel was completed with funds supplied by the Rickers and donations from employees and patrons. It has nine beautiful stained glass windows, brass windowsills, inlaid mosaic floor. The font, pulpit, and baseboards are marble. Guests of the hotel, employees, and area people have used it for weddings, funerals, and interdenominational services.

The glory that was Poland Spring seemed indestructible, but automobiles, the Great Depression, and two World Wars broke the magic spell. Vacationers were on the move and rusticating summers were gone forever.

At top the visitors play golf on one of the spectacular holes that began at the hotel's door. Below, some folks came just to rest in the shade of the pine woods.



Poland Spring went into receivership in 1930 and in 1940 the Ricker family sold out their interest.

Saul Feldman bought the entire package in 1962. He built first the Poland Spring Inn and later the Poland Spring Manor. (The Presidential Inn is the third tourist accommodation on the grounds at present.)

The contents of the State of Maine building and many things from the Poland Spring House were sold at auction. A series of "safety-pin" bookings were set up for the aging Poland Spring House.

Sonny Liston used the resort as a training center for his bout with Cassius Clay. The television series *Route 66* was filmed on the hotel grounds. In 1971, a thousand pilgrims attended a retreat led by Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.

Then Feldman got a ten-year lease from the federal government's Job Corps. Large rooms were partitioned off into smaller ones and an expensive sewerage system was installed. The "grand dame" of a hotel was turned into a makeshift institution. When the Job Corps left after three years, the Poland Spring House was shabby and decrepit.

Melvin Robbins took over the next year, turning the Inn into a no-frills accommodation. The idea went over big: cafeteria-style meals, dances that featured the big band sound, and some theatrical productions drew the summer crowds.

The Poland Spring House became a temporary weight-loss spa when Dr. Irwin Stillman, famous for his "Doctor's Quick Weight-Loss Diet" conducted the sessions.

Feldman was planning to restore the "Big House" for a convention center when Fate intervened. On the night of July 4th, 1975, the gigantic hotel became a roaring inferno.





At top, the tennis courts were in vogue even in 1912; note the State of Maine Building in the background. Above: the Reading Room of the Library inside that octagonal granite edifice. Below: the Conservatory kept fresh flowers for the tables of the Mansion House even in winter.

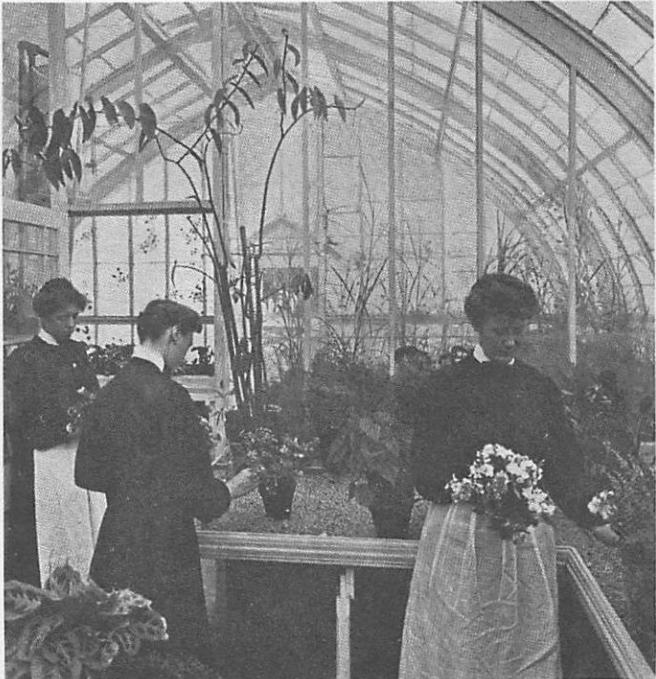
The flaming turrets crashed down to end dramatically an era of elegance.

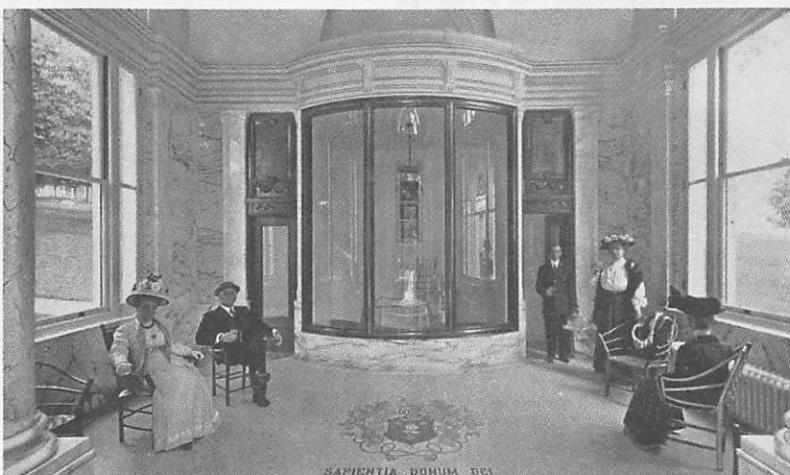
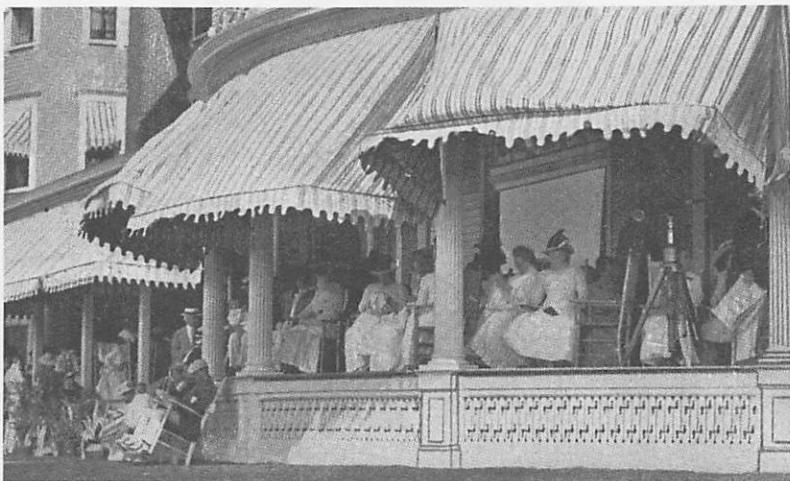
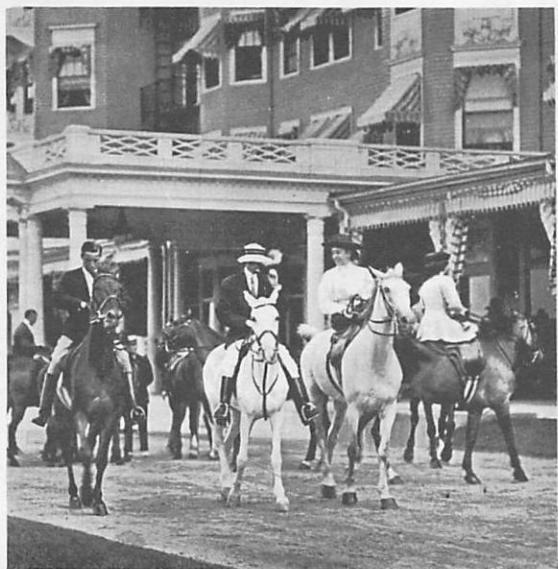
Four years ago Paul de Haene, associated with Perrier Water of France and Seven-Up, bought the spring and bottling plant. Poland Spring water is again sold in far places—Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas uses 120 cases a week and it is known in Caribbean, South American, and European markets. Who can resist a beverage described as "having a mountain stream on tap?"

For a number of years the Mt. Washington television station WMTW has been located on the grounds. Poland Spring Gardens has restored and enlarged the greenhouses.

Another landmark disappeared in 1977 when the Mansion House was razed. But that same year the Poland Spring Preservation Society was founded by the late Jim Aikman of WMTW. Its major task is to restore and preserve the Maine State Building and the All Souls Chapel—both on the National Register of Historic Landmarks.

Robbins generously deeded the buildings, surrounding plots of land, and right-of-way to Rte. 26 to the Preservation Society. Major structural repairs have been made with private, state, and federal funds. There is an ongoing membership drive for PSPS to insure continuing interest.





Each summer the buildings are open to the public. In the rotunda of the State of Maine House such activities as art shows, concerts, music recitals, political receptions, and a Beaux Arts Ball have been sponsored.

Many visitors also come to the handsome chapel where the fine organ has been restored.

The Poland Spring Preservation Society continues to present lively tours and programs in a setting where the special ambience of these Poland Spring landmarks memorializes its vanished glory.

Mrs. Labbie is a regular correspondent for the Lewiston Evening Journal magazine.

The grand life of elegance at the turn of the century: top left, horses from the Poland Spring stable; top right, a gallery of porch-sitters; above, the glass-and-brass-and-marble enclosed spring itself; below, the Mansion House in winter, where guests were loaned fur coats if they chose to wear them.



A Raspberying Adventure / Seikkailuni Marja Matkalla

Nuorena tyttösenä kasvoiin täällä Maineen valtiossa, jossa kesäisin poimimme marjoja muiten tehtävien ohessa. Äitini joutui tekemään työtä monet tunnit marjojen puhdistamisessa sekä niitä kannuttaessa. Lasipurkkeihin höryisessä. Lasipurkit olivat väriltään sinisia, mustia ja punaisia, jotka kellarin varatuissa hyllyissä näyttivät viehättäviltä.

Joka syksy isäni kävi metsästävässä, ja samalla tarkasteli marja pensaita joihin voisimme mennä poimimaan seuraavana kesänä. Villi vadelmat kasvavat verattain hyvin sellaisessa maassa josta metsä on kaadettu. Usein löysimme marja pensaita taka teiden sivuilta. Yksi marikko jossa usein kävimme oli hakattu metsä maa Back Kingdom alueella, joka sijaitsee länsi päässä Coburn katua, Dixfieldissa.

Eräänä kesäiltana, pikaisesti syötyämme illallisen, lähdimme marjaan Back Kingdom marikkoon. Äitini, isäni, nuori veljeni sekä minä. Vadelma ja mustien vattujen (karhunvattuja) pensaita varten oli puettava pitkiin housuihin sekä pitkähaisiin paitoihin, ja äidilläni ja minulla oli lisäksi huivit päässämme. Peittämättömät iho paikkamme voitelimme hyttysvoideella. Marja ämpäril olivat vyödetty vyötäisille. Siten olivat molemmat kädet vapaat. Yhällä kädellä työnsimme edestämme piikkisia marjan varsia, ja toisella poimimme marjoja, sekä tämän tästä sillä läimäytimme hyttiisiä. Sopivalla paikalla oli hyvänen kokoinen kori johon tyhjensimme marjat ämpäristä.

Jätimme automme multatienviereen josta sitten kävelimme peräkkäin risukon poikki johon oli jäänyt puu kasoja ja kaadettuja tukkija. Käveltyämme jonkin matkaa, löysimme vaarami pensaita. Tükkiä päältä poimiminen oli hieman hankalaa kun ei aina sattunut olemaan sopivaa jalansijaa. Olipa niinkin että komeimmat

marjat olivat pääsemättömässä paikassa. Olipa sekä vaara tarjolla ettei luiskahda tukin päältä risukoon joka ei olisi tuntunut kovinkaan mukavalta.

Veljeni meni äidin kanssa yhdälle suunnalle, ja minä seurasin isääni toisaalle pään. Kun olimme poimimassa, kuulin hiljaista mörinää ääntä, ja kysyin isältäni mika se oli. Hän ei vastannut mitään vaan jatkoi poimimistaan. Kuulin vielä kaksi kertaa saman äänen, ja taas kysyin mikä se oli. Mutta ei hän vieläkään ottanut huomioon kysymystäni.

Sitten yhtä-äkkiä isäni kasvot kalpenivat, ja hän lakkasi poimimasta, ja otti pitkän seipään masta. Hän puhui kiihkeästi äidille suomen kielellä. Ymmärsin jotain olleen väärin, ja minun sydän alkoi lyödä nopeasti. Äitini ja isäni

puhuivat suomen kieltä keskenään silloin kun he eivät halunneet antaa veljeni ja minun tietää mistä oli kysymys. Äidinkin silmät suurenivat ja hänen kasvoilleen tuli kauhun ilme.

Lopulta isäni sanoi englannin kielellä ettei meidän on heti lähdettävä hiljaa pois täältä. Oihan hankala liikkua vilkkaasti ja hiljaa sellaisessa risukossa jossa tukit ja pensaat hidastuttivat kuljemista. Minäkin olin niin peloissani etten voinut sanaakaan sanoa, ja hänkin saattoi seurata äitiäni ja veljeäni. Isäni kulkki perässä pitkä seiväs kädessään.

Kun pääsimme autoomme sitten vasta isäni sanoi siellä marikossa olleen mustan emä karhun kahden penikkansa kanssa. Olimme kiitollisia päästessämme suojaan, ja

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Thunderstorm over Lake Kezar—photo taken by Clinton Hubbard

niin palasimme kotiimme huolimatta etteivät ämpärimme olleetkaan täytyneet marjoista.

*Kirjoittanut,
Marjorie Blick Gerdes
Suomentanut, John Haverinen
(translated by John Haverinen)*



For a young girl growing up in Maine, summertime meant berry picking among other activities. Mom would spend hours cleaning and canning the berries in glass jars in the steamy kitchen. The blue, black, and red-colored jars looked deliciously attractive on the shelves in the basement.

Each Fall when Dad went hunting, he would scout for good raspberry and blackberry patches for us to go to the following summer. Wild raspberries do well in the old logging areas where the land has been cleared. Often we would find excellent berry bushes along back roads. One of our frequented raspberry patches was in an old logging area in Back Kingdom located at the west end of Coburn Avenue in Dixfield.

After a quick supper one summer evening, Mom, Dad, and my younger brother and I donned our berry-

picking clothes and headed for Back Kingdom. We always wore long pants and long-sleeved shirts whenever we entered raspberry or blackberry patches. Mom and I also wore head scarves and we all doused exposed areas with mosquito repellent.

Our berry pails hung from our waists by belts. It helps to have both hands free for picking—one to grasp a firm hold on the thorny branch and the other to remove the berries or swat a mosquito. A large picnic basket was set in a convenient location and into it we emptied our full pails.

We left our car parked at the edge of the dirt road while we trudged single file through brush and log piles to get to our destination. After walking a little while we found the raspberry patch. Scattered logs made it difficult to find secure footing while picking the berries. It seemed that the biggest berries would inevitably be the most inaccessible. Falling off a log into raspberry bushes is not much fun.

My brother went in one direction with Mom while I trailed after Dad. While picking berries I heard a soft gutteral sound nearby and asked my father what it was. He made no reply and kept on berrying. Two more times I heard the same sound and asked him what it was. Still he did not answer me.

AFTER THE STORM

The dawn—
After a long rain—
Splashes purples and pinks
Across a dusky sky;
The sun—
A flaming disc—
Rises above wooded hills,
Sending golden rays
In pursuit of dark shadows;
Drops of water—
Clinging to strands of barbed wire—
Become diamond earrings,
And moisture on fir boughs
Sparkle and glow
As if touched by faery wands.

*Jack Barnes
Brookfield Farm
Hiram*

Suddenly, Dad's face turned white. He stopped picking berries and picked up a long pole. He spoke Finnish in an anxious tone to Mom. I knew something was wrong and my heart began pounding—Mom and Dad only spoke the Finnish language when they did not want my brother and me to understand what was being said.

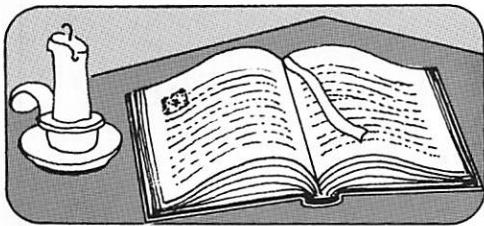
Mom's eyes grew big and her face wore a terrified expression. When Dad finally spoke English, he said, "We need to get out of here as quickly and quietly as we can."

It was difficult moving quickly and quietly through the logs, brush, and raspberry bushes. I was too scared to say anything and numbly followed my mother and brother while Dad walked behind me carrying that long pole.

Not until we were safely to the car did Dad tell us that in the same raspberry patch were a mother bear and two cubs.

Grateful that we were safe, we returned home with our partially-filled pails.

Marjorie Blick Gerdes sent us this story from her home in North Platte, Nebraska. She is a former fourth grade teacher and mother of two.



Off The Shelf

by Wini Drag

The One-Eyed Poacher and the Maine Woods, 1955

Treasury of the Maine Woods
1958 by Edmund Ware Smith
A Down East Quality Reprint
(Frederick Fell, Inc., Publishers,
New York.)

One of the first books requested by a customer soon after I announced my venture into old books was **The One-Eyed Poacher and the Maine Woods** by Edmund Ware Smith. It didn't mean a thing to me; I'd never heard of the book or the author.

A couple of months ago I journeyed to Portland in search of some elusive titles on my "Wanted List." **The Poacher** was still on that list. It remained, however, just one item among many—that is, until I mentioned it to a seasoned bookseller.

"You really don't want a 'first,'" he remarked casually. (That's short for a "first edition," which in the antiquarian book business makes a book more valuable than a later edition or an inexpensive reprint.) "It's commanding a high price—if you can find it!" When he told me the price, I decided it would have to be a serious collector to invest that much. I left the shop without it.

I was, needless to say, somewhat shaken but tried to hide my befuddlement. Why was this book worth so much? Who was this Maine writer? I decided to find out.

While Smith wrote about nature, he was much more than a nature writer. He traveled throughout the country as editorial consultant for **The Ford Times** magazine and reported on the best hunting and fishing spots known to man. Some of the places were so isolated that few knew of them. Smith found them.

He belonged to the famous outdoors group known as "Jake's Rangers," headed by Maine artist Maurice (Jake) Day. Day illustrated one of Smith's later books, *Upriver and Down*, 1965.

His stories combine humor and pathos, revealing a sensitive, deep feeling for the wilderness and the men who revere it. His gentle understated insights have been compared with Robert Frost's poetry. Whether writing fiction or essay, Smith painted great characters—rounded, believable, and classic.

One of his humorist essays, "How To Go Native In Maine," is included in Jim Brunelle's anthology, **Over To Home And From Away**, reviewed in last month's **Bitter-Sweet**. In it Smith capably defines the classifications of visitors to the state and leaves little doubt of the status of each.

Edmund Ware Smith was born in Plantsville, Connecticut in 1901 and spent his childhood in Newton, Mass. He reportedly attended six or seven prep schools and several colleges without ever receiving a degree. His schooling didn't stymy him, however; he later taught a course in short story writing at Harvard and co-authored a college textbook, **From Fact To Fiction**.

His writing career began when he was in his twenties. His father was so vehemently opposed to his writing that he forbade him to use the family name. So, undaunted, he dropped the Smith and used Ware, which had been his great-grandfather's name. Early stories in some anthologies by

Edmund Ware are not up to the quality of his later writing.

Smith had a natural flare for storytelling. He claimed he stopped counting his short stories after reaching 600. Some of these have appeared in **Saturday Evening Post**, **Field and Stream**, **Redbook**, **Atlantic Monthly**, **True**, **Readers' Digest**, and numerous other magazines. There are several books chronicling the misdeeds of the one-eyed poacher.

After many years of vacationing in Maine, Smith and his wife Mary built a cabin on the Mattagammon Lake, north of Katahdin, and enjoyed the wilderness for ten years. They later moved to the Damariscotta area, where he died in 1967.

In an introduction to one of Smith's books, a friend, author John Gould, wrote this fitting tribute: "Those of us who have tried variously in our own ways to put the Maine woods in print will again look at a Smith book with a 'I-wish-I'd-said-that.'"

These two books are available through Books-n-Things and at the local libraries. You'll be captivated by the stories, even if you're not a hunter or fisherman. It doesn't have to be a "first" to be good summer reading.

Wini Drag operates the Haunted Book Shop on Paris Hill.

The logo features a stylized bee with its wings spread wide, facing right. The body of the bee is integrated with the letter 'B' in the word 'Bee's'. Below the bee, the text 'Sweater Factory' is stacked above 'Outlet' in a bold, sans-serif font. At the bottom, 'smuggler's village' is written in a cursive script. To the left of the logo, the address 'Route One' is listed, and to the right, the location 'Saco, Maine' is given.

The advertisement features a central image of a Tiffany-style chandelier with multiple glass shades hanging from a decorative chain. To the left of the chandelier, the text "Paintings", "Glass", and "China" is listed vertically. To the right, "Furniture", "Pottery", and "Wicker" is listed vertically. Below the chandelier, the words "Tiffany Art" are written. The main title "J. BO'S ANTIQUES" is displayed prominently in large, bold, serif capital letters. Below it, the text "open 8-5 or by appointment" is shown. At the bottom, the address "last shop on Ocean Ave. across from Green Heron Inn Kennebunkport" is given, along with the phone number "967-5527".



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Investigating Fare Share Co-op: Democracy & Nutrition

by Denis Ledoux

We had singled out the Norway-Paris area as a region in which we would like to live long before we came here. We liked the mountains. The area was near Lewiston-Auburn where our families live. There were also community resources which appealed to us. Among them was the Fare Share Co-op in Norway, a member-run natural-food store located in the former Norway Farmers' Union at Union Square on Tannery Street.

When we first went to the store, we had not yet moved to Buckfield. We were looking for land and we stopped at the Fare Share store to shop. The store, we found, was pleasant and near; the atmosphere was friendly. The bulletin board was full of community messages and announcements. The store personnel was helpful. Driving back home, we felt quite positive about the co-op. As members of a bulk-order co-operative in Lewiston, we had long wished for the convenience of a store co-op there.

The Fare Share stocks whole-grain flours (wheat, rye, buckwheat, corn, soy, unbleached white flour) and grains (oats, wheat, millet, barley) as well as dried fruits, herbs of all sorts, rice, nuts, seeds, noodles, oils, honey, and, in season, fresh organic fruits and vegetables. The cooler contains goat and cow dairy products as well as soy tofu, tempeh, "soysage" (soy sausage), bread, and cider. The freezer is stocked with organically-grown meat from the local Horse Hill Farm as well as Haagen-Daas ice cream and other natural ice cream sandwiches and treats.

Another feature of the stock is the book service. Books on gardening and

on food preparation and preservation are available at approximately 10% off the list price to non-members and 25% off to members. In addition, the store maintains a book and magazine exchange.

When we finally moved to Buckfield, we were not long in becoming members of the Fare Share Co-op.

We benefit from our membership in a number of ways. The first, the co-op's *raison d'être*, is that we have a reliable source of natural, organic foods that contribute to our health. (Many processed foods, we learned, were either non-nutritious or actually harmful.) The second is that we acquire these foods at a considerable savings—not only in relationship to expensive natural-foods stores that often give the natural foods idea a bad name, but to supermarkets as well. Thirdly, our membership provides us with an opportunity to participate more actively in the food distribution chain. We can seek out the foods we want to eat and participate in the process to provide a retail outlet for them by developing an interest in the membership (or finding an interest!). We decide what will be sold rather than a food profiteer who is not in the least interested in nutrition.

The co-op is also a learning community. At the request of members, the co-op sponsors workshops. In the past, favorites have included canning, freezing, pickling, root cellaring, drying of vegetables, fruits and berries.

Membership in the Fare Share Co-op is open to anyone who wants to be a member. A basic fee is charged and, to remain active, members must work



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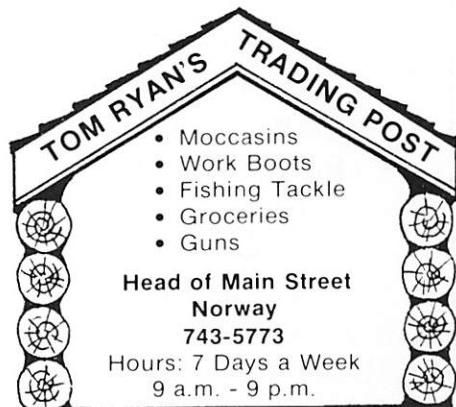
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All kinds of people belong to Fare Share: teachers, secretaries, priests and ministers, farmers, lumberjacks, businessmen and women.

monthly. Work may consist of shelving stock, cleaning the store, waiting on customers, writing for the newsletter, participating in a telephone chain, etc. Members must also attend at least two of the four general meetings a year.

Financially, members benefit by receiving a 24% markup over cost on food and 15% off on goods. (Non-members are welcomed with open arms; they pay 45& above cost and 10% off on goods.)

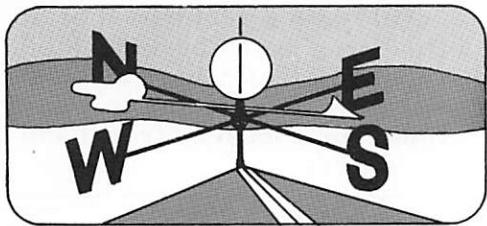
There are responsibilities involved in membership, of course. The members serve on a number of committees. These accomplish regular procedures having to do with the running of the co-op (publicity, personnel); help create and implement long-term planning (membership, finance, education); or formulate policies for approval by the general membership (all committees). Every member is expected to serve on a committee at some time.

This year the co-op has inaugurated a special summer membership tailored to folks who are in the region only during the summer. Although monthly work requirements remain the same for summer members as for year-round members (for the months they are here), summer people are not required to attend meetings or serve on committees.

The Fare Share Co-op Store, one branch of the non-profit Oxford Hills Food and Nutrition Exchange, Inc., is run by a board of directors, selected yearly from the membership, which reports to the quarterly general meetings. The membership must approve all policy and procedural changes. This is democracy at its best.

The co-op functions under the principle of dialogue, not of power play nor of a hierarchical pecking order. In fact, the co-op adheres to a consensus decision-making. Rather than end discussions by a vote, members continue to share ideas until they arrive at some common ground.

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Jay's Journal

by Jay Burns

Racing The Elements

This is a story of men and animals battling the elements to make a living and keep an industry afloat. This is the story of the Maine harness racing industry and the Maine weather.

If the reader might wonder why something seemingly so obscure is being brought up in this column, then he or she might ask horseowners Bion Pike of Waterford, Don Roy of Norway, Willis Whittemore of South Paris, the Cushings of Farmington, or Nancy Hudson of Bridgton. You see, this industry has its roots all through the hills and lakes region of Maine.

But our horse racing industry has a great handicap—it battles the Maine weather. In Florida and California, they race all year in pleasant weather. Baseball calls it quits when it rains or gets too cold. Football couldn't stand more than a few teams in the snow belt. Basketball never tried to endure the elements. But the Maine horse racing industry, because it is not very rich, races during all weather.

The weather begins to deteriorate during the fair season, beginning in August. August weather is usually pretty nice, but it can get nasty. I remember traveling to Skowhegan Fair in a driving tropical downpour to watch the horses and drivers battle the spattering and slippery mud, reminding me of the racing scene from "Ben Hur." Once, at the Windsor Fair, it rained so hard they had to cancel most of an afternoon's racing card because the starting gate (that moving car and gate behind which the horses line up) almost crashed into the midway while trying to get up speed for the start of a race. And when the action rolls around to Fryeburg Fair in October, the best of days could be drizzly and cool.

By the beginning of the "overcoat meet" at Lewiston Raceway in late October, the temperature at trackside during races hovers around

freezing. And during the fall the first of the rains and northwest winds begin whipping through Maine. Adverse elements serve to slow down the action: the drivers wear golf gloves to combat the cold, which is a feeble gesture with a horse going 25 miles-an-hour into a biting 25-mile-an-hour wind and 35 degree temperatures. Of course, the horse wears nothing but a lot of halters to secure the sulky to his back.

And after dragging that cart with a full grown person in the seat for a mile in a little over two minutes, the horse sweats; the wind whistles around the creature's body; and he might get sick. If it rains, a proud animal is turned into a cold, shivering, mud-splattered specimen. The horses are rarely neglected, but there's a price to pay for battling Maine weather.

The racing used to stop after the Lewiston meet the first week of December. The first snowfall is upon us then, the temperature at night—when most racing occurs—flirts with the single numbers. But this past winter Scarborough Downs opened for a winter meet, challenging the cruellest of months—from the middle of December to the end of January.

Now it would seem sensible for a horseman to race his stock during the better months and rest the animals during the cold season, letting their sore muscles rest and bodies mend.

Yet over a hundred horses participated in the Scarborough Downs winter meet. This is by no means because horsemen are negligent. If a horse is rested for four, five, or six months, he is not earning money and he is definitely costing a lot. If the owner can race him during the lean winter months and rest him during the warmer months, when it might be less expensive, he could save himself some money. And in the lean Maine racing industry, horsemen need to save as much money as possible.

So in the cruellest of times there was racing at Scarborough Downs. It was the coldest winter on record. It was windy; fit neither for man nor beast. But man and beast were out there to keep the industry alive.

Opening night gave an indication of the trouble ahead. The temperature on the track had sunk to ten degrees. And in the grandstand area, the heating didn't work. The temperature inside the grandstand and clubhouse area hovered around forty degrees—a conservative estimate—the only heat a pitifully small butane heater in the bar of the clubhouse. On the track it wasn't much better. The drivers wore winter gloves and face masks, wrapped scarves around their necks, and sat way down low in the seat to avoid the stinging air.

The horses didn't like the cold air much better. One horse shook his head violently from side to side through the whole race, as the cold air stung his lungs. The steam from the horses' breath froze on their necks and formed shining sheaths. After the tortuous miles the horses looked like they were burning as steam billowed from their bodies.

Other problems plagued the Downs
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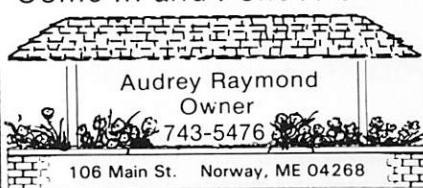
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The co-op realizes that if this area is to become food self-sufficient, then it must not only help people to raise food, but it must buy from local producers.

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The Fare Share employs two co-ordinators who share a full-time paid position. Currently, these two are Judy Howard and Martha Blownen. In addition, the co-op has four para-co-ordinators. Para-co-ordinators, who are unpaid, assist in the regular running of the store and can step in during an emergency to relieve or substitute for a co-ordinator missing due to sickness or obligations elsewhere.

Lastly, there are the volunteers. The entire membership serves in this capacity at one time or another. In fact, every adult member is required to put in two hours of work monthly—this is not a community of passive consumers!

As more area folks become interested in organic gardening, it becomes more necessary to have a source of organic seeds and seedlings. This year, as last, the Fare Share co-ordinated a seed and seedling order. The seeds were bought from an extensive list compiled by Fedco (Maine's Federation of Cooperatives). The order consisted of vegetable, herb and flower seeds, and seedlings. Purchasers found they were making considerable savings over retail prices—at times up to 60%.

This order fit into the goals of Fare Share Co-op: to promote local food self-reliance as much as possible. The co-op realizes too that if this area is to become food self-sufficient, then it must not only help people to raise food, but it must buy from local producers. As much as possible, the co-op does this. It has on hand cheese, bread, vegetables, fruits, milk products and maple syrup from area growers.

All kinds of people belong to Fare Share: teachers, secretaries, priests and ministers, farmers, lumberjacks, businessmen. These people, just as we, are happy to be part of a nutrition community. It's a resource that the area can really be proud of.

Denis Ledoux is a teacher in Buckfield.

I crossed the corner of the garden and stopped by the shed to enjoy the smell of ripened grapes in the sun. I picked a bunch and ate them, blowing the seeds and skins into my hand. I could hear the whir of an eggbeater in the kitchen and occasional quick steps across the worn board floor. She never stops working, my sister Sarah, never in all the years we've lived here since Papa died, and that was nigh onto forty years ago. Of course, I told him I'd look after her, but she was a young thing then. I guess I thought she'd get married later on, but she never did. I called to her. "Sarah," I said.

Presently, she appeared in the doorway. She waited for me to speak, impatient to get on with her work.

"It's going to be a real fine day. Come out here and rest yourself a mite."

She came across the yard, wiping her hands on her apron. "You never seem to think there's a thing to do on this place, Nason. Once you've got your mornin' chores somewhere near done, you think I ought to be done, too," she said sharply, but she stood beside me and the grim lines at her mouth softened slightly.

"Those twin poplars have grown some since we were little," I said. "I remember the day Grandfather set them out. You were only about as tall as they were."

"You wa'n't any taller yourself," she retorted. She looked up at the tops of them, then turned her head slowly and ran her eyes along the easy lines of the old red house with the yellow-trimmed gables and the small-paned windows, the sagging shed that came alive every fall with the warm smell of dull blue grapes, and the barn grown thickly with vines. "The place has got shaggy," she commented. "If I ever get 'round to picking some of those grapes, I'll get the jelly made 'fore snow flies."

I was only half listening to her, though. I traced the bare patches of road you could see between clumps of trees off down the hill. I was remembering the time I had stayed overnight in the village. It hadn't looked to be a terrible storm that day, so I'd taken the butter down the way I always do on Saturday afternoons, but before I knew it the snow had drifted across our road so bad I

couldn't get my horse to tackle it. Ned, his name was. So I had to put up at the Inn.

Supper with all those strangers and a young girl to serve us took my appetite away, but I drank a cup of coffee and before an hour had passed, I found myself laughing at the jokes the men were telling. It didn't seem quite right to tell the stories they did

find my way back up the hill. How much do I owe you for supper?"

"Sit on the hard settle all night?" he said. "I should say not. I've got a nice room for you on the east side. You'll sleep like a top."

He directed me up the stairs, flung a door open, and set his candle proudly on the little table. I stood on the threshold.

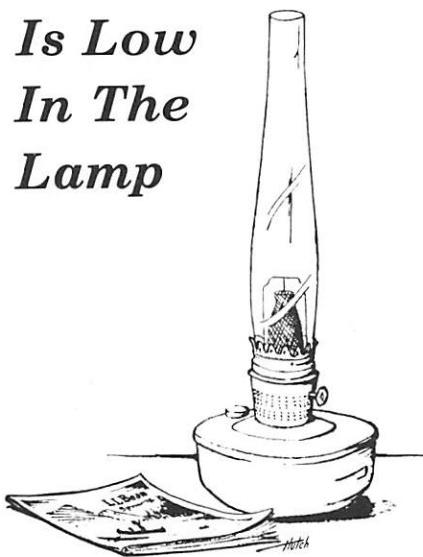
"Miriam made the bed up for you," he told me. "She seemed to like waiting on you at supper, too. Why do you suppose that was?" He winked at me and poked my ribs when he went out.

I know I blushed up to the very roots of my hair. I shut the door quickly behind him. For a minute I stood motionless, staring at the bed. Its firm roundness seemed to fill the small room. The girl had laid back the covers so that a triangle of white gleamed in the candlelight. I moved toward it slowly and felt it. "Miriam." The name grew big in my mind. She had seemed to like serving me at the table. Yes, I knew she did. She was too sweet and pretty to be mixed in with all those joke-telling laborers.

Suddenly I heard sleigh bells on the road under my window. I blew out the candle and listened to the last of them die away. There in the dark I could feel the nearness of houses. I was embarrassed by the thought of so many people, men and women, undressing, going to bed, all so close to me. I sat down on the edge of the bed and took off my boots. I got carefully into bed. I pulled the quilts up under my chin. I could feel the beat of my heart and the rise and fall of my chest under them. As the hours passed, I grew to like the feeling of people so close to me. I tried the name Miriam in a whisper. It was gentle on my lips.

It was a long night, but I didn't seem to feel tired. I laid pretty still, because every time I moved the bed sort of creaked. It sounded loud. I may have dropped off to sleep once or twice, but mostly I stayed awake. As the window slowly became visible, I watched it with wonder. I felt like a brand new person in a new world. I got out of bed and went to the window to make sure I was really in the village. I looked at the houses, one by one. I was fascinated. In the faintly shadowed snow they looked unreal.

The Oil Is Low In The Lamp



Fiction by
Barbara R. Sheldon

with that pretty girl around, but she didn't pay any attention. She finally persuaded me to have a piece of mince pie and another cup of coffee.

The men sat around the fireplace talking until almost ten o'clock before they, one by one, would yawn and stretch and go up to bed. "Plenty of snow to plow come mornin'," they said.

After the last one had gone, the innkeeper came over to me and put a hand on my shoulder. "How about a nightshirt?" he asked me.

I shook my head. "I'll be all right," I told him. "I'll just stay here by the fire until it begins to get light, so I can

I pulled on my boots and smoothed out the warm sheets where I had laid all night. I knew this was something I would never forget. When I opened the door to go downstairs, the girl who had waited on me the night before was going by. It was Miriam.

"Did you sleep well, sir?" she asked.

"Like a top," I assured her. I was relieved at my ease. I reached in my pocket and pulled out one of the bills I had got for the butter. I took her hand and thrust the bill into it. "The bed was well made," I said softly.

I passed her and went down the stairs. I could feel my face burning. The innkeeper stood at the bottom. He must have seen the whole thing.

"Well I'll be doggoned," was what he said, and then, "Mornin'." And he grinned and slapped me on the shoulder. I suppose I said "Mornin'," but I know I didn't say anything else. What could I say? I knew what he thought and it wasn't true. The funny part of it was I was kind of glad he thought so. It made me feel like a man, not just somebody who lives way off up a hill with his sister and never does anything but bring butter down to sell to the villagers.

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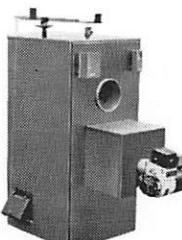


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I've lost count of the times I've remembered every detail of that night and morning. It's usually been on the long winter evenings when Sarah and I have sat in the sitting room in silence except for the clicking of her knitting needles. But this time I was remembering the whole thing right out here with Sarah in broad daylight, eating grapes.

The sight of a man driving up the road brought my thoughts to a rough close. It was Mark Sawyer, the only living soul I've ever told how lonely it got on the hill.

"I wonder what Mark Sawyer wants with us," I said.

I went to meet him hesitantly. He let his mare take her time up over the last steep pitch in the hill. Then he swung himself down beside me. We didn't waste much talk on the weather and crops.

Mark shook his head. "Bad winter predicted," he said. "You folks will be cut off from the village for days at a time and neither one of you's getting any younger. There's a man from the city wants to buy a place just like yours. He wouldn't stay winters the way you do. Just summers. Wants seclusion. You've sure got plenty of that. Had to get back to the city 'fore he could look at it, but he told me to go right ahead, talk to you and get your price and have a deed made up and he'd buy it. What I told him sounded just right and he's tired of huntin'. I guess he's got plenty of money."

"I never heard of anybody like that," I said. "Sounds kind of fishy to me. Anyhow I don't believe Sarah'd want to sell."

"It's a risk for you two to live up here alone," Mark said. "Out of the money you'd get for all these acres, you could buy a neat little house down in the village and be comfortable for the rest of your lives. You wouldn't have to work your heads off making both ends meet."

"I don't know. We've lived a good many years up here and we're used to working hard. I will talk it over with Sarah, though, and I'll let you know. You've got his name, I suppose."

Mark fished in his shirt pocket and handed me a card.

"Vice President of the First National Bank of Boston! Wow! What do you know about that?" I said.

We heard the screen door slam as Sarah disappeared into the house.

"You're too good to her for your own

good, Nason," Mark said. "You've always wanted to live like other people. And Sarah—she's just plain odd, that's what. See what you can do."

I gave Mark a basket of grapes and thanked him for thinking of us. I told him I'd let him know real soon.

Not a word did Sarah speak the rest of the day and all the next. I'd been down to see Mark, put a reasonable but good high price on the farm, and got the deed made up. That evening, I sat down in the sitting room. She was still out in the kitchen, making grape jelly as though our lives depended on it, her jaws clamped tight together.

"It's a lot of money, Sarah," I told her. "The deed is all ready. There's only for you to sign. I've always thought that someday we'd live in the village like other people."

The yellow lamplight from the kitchen mellowed the boards at my feet. She came in and set the lamp on the table beside her rocker. She took out her knitting and began to click the needles. Then she said tonelessly, "We're not like other people, Nason."

Tears spun and dried in my eyes. It was the sound of her voice after so long that moved me. At nine o'clock she did not get-up as usual to go to bed, only sat on in the rocker, knitting.

"The oil is low in the lamp. If you're not going to bed, I'd better fill it."

I got up to take it.

"Don't fill it," she said. "If it goes out, we know where things are."

I watched her face like a mask beside it, drawn and tired. A kind of hypnosis was slipping down around me. I went over to the window and looked out at the night. There was a long stretch of darkness between me and the lights down in the village, so long and so dark that their warmth was chilled and faint before it reached me. The uneven tick of the clock seemed to stop, swallowed by the silence.

"Go to bed now, Sarah," I said gently. "We're not going to sell." And I turned from the window and watched her. She put her knitting away, got up from her rocker, took the lamp, and went quickly up the stairs, like the passing of a dream.

Barbara Sheldon, a native of the Hiram area and cousin of author Margaret Flint, lives now in Falmouth.

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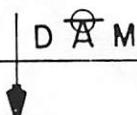
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The Boiler Room—built in the restored powerhouse of an early 19th century mill, the Boiler Room Restaurant on the shores of Lake Christopher offers unique European style outdoor cafe and wine-cellars atmosphere and the finest in German and American cuisine. Weekend entertainment. Route 26, Bryant Pond. Open daily from 12 noon 'til 10 p.m., Sunday through Thursday; 'til 1 a.m. Friday and

Saturday. Weekend reservations are recommended—telephone them on the last of the old hand-crank telephone systems in the country by dialing operator and asking for Bryant Pond 100.

The Chef's Table—everything from soup and a sandwich to a full course meal is offered here in the cozy pine-panelled restaurant on Route 26 in Norway. Steak, seafood, Italian food are specialties, and cocktails are served. Open seven days a week at 11 a.m.; until 9 p.m. Monday-Friday and until 11 Friday and Saturday. Daily luncheon specials available Monday-Friday. Weekend specials Friday & Saturday after 5 p.m. and all day Sunday. Call 743-8342.

The Chick-a-Dee Restaurant—located at the Auburn-Turner line on Route 4, just two miles from Lake Auburn, this famed family style restaurant emphasizes just good food—especially fried clams. A full menu from sandwiches to steaks for take-out or dining there, either inside or outside under the pines. Open 10 a.m. every day but Tuesday—a pleasant drive over the mountains from Norway-South Paris.

The Cornish Country Inn—under new management, this restaurant offers good dining and frequent specials in a 19th century atmosphere. Phone 625-3953.

The Country Way—found at the Norway-Paris town line, this restaurant features its famous smorgasbord daily from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m., nightly from 5-9, Sundays 11-6; and Prime Rib of Beef every Saturday 5-9 p.m. Closed all day Monday. Dress code in effect on weekends; evening entertainment. Call 743-2387 for reservations or to inquire about their banquet facilities for 200.

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The Dairy Hut—located right alongside Lake Pennesseewassee on the Norway Lake Road, this drive-in spot offers **lobster rolls, crabmeat rolls, and steamed hot dogs**, as well as its full line of ice cream—both hard and soft. Also their special frogurt (frozen yogurt). Phone 743-8434.

Hu Ke Lau—when you're in the mood for **Chinese food**—this is the spot to get it. Visit Sonny at the Maine Mall, South Portland. They also feature American cooking and cocktails.

Jordan's Restaurant—an authentic Yankee restaurant on Route 26 in Locke Mills. Reasonably priced **homemade pastries, bread, and daily specials**. Take-out service and your favorite beverage available. They're open 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day but Wednesday; call 875-3515.

Martha's Restaurant—where friends and family meet for dining satisfaction, on Lower Main Street in Bethel. Open Tuesday through Sunday (closed Monday), Martha's is a family-owned place with over 30 years' experience pleasing their customers. **Homemade soup and chowders, bread and pastries**. Their correct phone number is 824-2171.

Minnie's Food Shop—specializing in **Barbequed chicken**, Minnie's has long been "the friendly place in the friendly square"—Market Square, South Paris.

Positively Maine Street—offering the finest in food, grog, and entertainment in South Central Maine, PMS serves daily luncheon (Sunday-Friday 11:30-2:00 p.m.) and

dinner specials (beginning at 5). The distinctive "Trolley Lounge" with its quiet atmosphere offers its own nightly specials, with entertainment Tuesday through Saturday. The 300-person capacity "Express Room Lounge" is a great place for weddings, banquets, seminars, and private parties; it also features the finest in entertainment, **The PMS Express**—a 14-piece big band—every Wednesday evening 8-11 p.m. in June, July, and August.

Stone Ridge—This beautiful building on Route 25 in Cornish features a **salad bar, your favorite beverage, and delicate specials like Shrimp Scampi and Filet of Sole Almondine**. Call them at 625-3250.

Switzer-Stubli—This dining room at the Tarry-a-While Resort on Ridge Road in Bridgton is open to the public. Located across from the Bridgton Highlands Golf course, the gracious room with its big windows facing a sparkling view of Highland Lake features **Cordon Bleu, Beef Bourguignonne, Rabbit, Brat-wurst, and Swiss specialties like Raclette and Swiss Pastries**. Opening June 20th, it's air-conditioned and offers breakfast from 8-9, Luncheon 1-2, and Dinner 6-8. There's even a real Swiss chef.

Yokohama's—people travel for many miles to get the exquisite Japanese and American cuisine at this restaurant on Rtes. 2 and 16 in Gorham, New Hampshire. You may order anything from smelts to steak, but among their specialties is **Sukiyaki** (beef, mushrooms, green peppers and vegetables.) Oriental appetizers such as **Tempura** (shrimp), **Kushi Katu** (chicken, onions and green peppers skewered and fried), and **Hibachi Platter** for two will add delight to any meal. Rice and green tea is served with all Oriental dinners.

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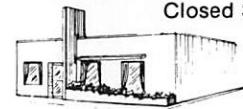
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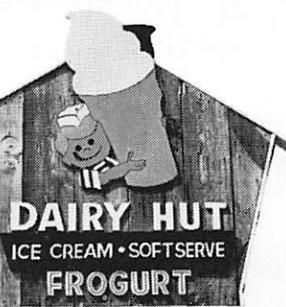


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You are awakened by the sounds made by the captain and the crew moving about the cabin. The fire is going in the stove and the captain is preparing breakfast. As you rise and peer out of the small window of the cabin of the canal boat *Ethel*, you see the sun beginning to rise over the horizon. The wind has subsided into a gentle breeze. It is a relief to everyone, for no one was looking forward to battling the enormous waves so frequently whipped up by the wind sweeping across the "Big Pond"—Sebago.

As you step out on deck, you take note of a strange sight coming down the river—the deck of a boat covered with small trees. "What on earth are they going to do with all those trees?" you ask the Captain.

"Them is trees headed down ter Putland. They be goin' to be used for shade trees. They dig 'em up along the Songo. Call the area 'Thousand Acres.' There be times, I swear, when I think they won't stop 'til they've toted the whole damn woods down to Putland and Boston."

At about seven a.m. preparations are made to get under way. The two folding masts are raised and the men begin poling the boat out through the narrow channel. The shallow shoal extends far out into the lake and it is only through considerable time and effort that the boat is maneuvered into deep water.

The sails are hoisted and with the captain at the helm we are slowly edging our way past Cub Point headed in the direction of Frye's Island. The distance between the Songo and White's Bridge is between ten and twelve miles.

It is a lovely morning. The air has lost some of its crispness, and it promises to be a warm day. Some of the maples are beginning to turn, so that there are patches of red, gold, and orange blending with the various shades of green. To your left is Rattlesnake Mountain and far to the right sits Old Peaked Mountain and Douglas Hill.

You remember the coast line being

more beautiful the last time you made this trip. There does seem to be some validity in what the captain said back on the Songo—there are yawning gaps where thousands of feet of virgin timber have been harvested.

In fact, over by Bear Point, a crew of men are rafting seemingly hundreds of giant logs down the lake in the same direction that the *Ethel* is headed. You are close enough to see some of the men walking slowly around a capstan on the platform of a raft.

What a strange sight! Some men keep taking up the line that is attached to an anchor. As the raft of logs secured behind the platform almost imperceptibly creeps forward in much the same fashion as a snail, the anchor is carried ahead in an anchor boat and dropped in the water. And so you watch this tedious procedure repeated time and time again. You don't envy the men on the raft; it will take them at least two days at an average rate of progress of one-half-mile per hour to reach the mouth of the Presumpscot River where the logs will be floated and poled to the mills at North Gorham and even down to Saccarappa (Westbrook).

Slightly over halfway to the channel between Frye's Island and the rocky shore, the wind begins to gain in velocity and gentle waves are suddenly whipped into foaming whitecaps that break against the hull and send spray showering upon the deck. The "Big Pond" is like a miniature ocean—but the spray that moistens your lips has a sweet rather than a salty taste.

You scan the choppy surface for a glimpse of the rafting crew, but they are nowhere to be seen. It is likely that they made for Kettle Cove to wait for the winds to subside. The narrow straits between the mainland and Frye's Island—a long, arboreal stretch of verdure 'midst a sea of whitecaps—glistens in the sparkling sunlight.

The waves are more gentle and caressing as the sixty-ton craft noses

Your Journey South

In the Mid-1800's

by Jack C. Barnes

through the straits. There is a colossal megalithic ledge that seems to rise up from the depths of the lake—known locally as Frye's Leap.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, when he was a boy, used to sit on top of these rocks and dream about distant lands. He used to love to swim and sail his boat all the way up the Songo and back. It is said that he spent most of his time alone. Folks around these parts used to think the whole family a bit strange, especially the mother. They say she just shut herself away from everyone, including her three children, after word arrived that Captain Hawthorne had died of fever down in South America. Her brother Richard Manning fetched the mother and three kids up to Raymond so he could keep an eye on them. He didn't like the notion of their being shut up in that old Manning House on Herbert Street down in Salem.

They all lived for a spell in the mansion that Richard built on Manning Island when he married one of the Dingley girls. It's still the biggest house around and everyone refers to it as 'Manning's Folly.'

The other Manning brother—Robert, the one who knows so much about apple trees—built his sister a big house on the other side of Dingley Brook from the mansion. He set out apple trees, just like he did in Salem. Being up here in Maine did a lot for the boy.

Nate, they called him. You remember seeing him and that mulatto kid, Billy Simms, hanging around old Jacob Dingley's grist mill once back in 1818 when you stopped in on the way to Windham with a wagon loaded with barrels. Despite the rough water, traveling by boat surely beats trying to make it with a team of horses.

When it came time for Nate to get ready for college, he had to go back to Salem to get tutored. There weren't any schools to amount to anything around here then. Didn't he hate to go! He carried on something terrible when his uncles sent him down to live with his grandmother Manning and

his spinster aunt in that lonely old house. They say he wrote letter after letter to his sisters and everyone else, telling them how he hated it down there and couldn't wait to get back to Sebago. He missed "gunning," fishing, and skating on Sebago—following a path of moonlight across smooth black ice.

He refused to go to Harvard; he came back up here to Bowdoin. He was in the same class as Longfellow, though they didn't have much in common—Longfellow being the serious scholar he was and Nate preferring to hang around with the boys and play cards. You heard he wanted to become a writer. Longfellow mentioned that time you saw him on Long Lake, that Hawthorne had written a novel called *Fanshaw*, but you never found a copy to read. Someone said he got so discouraged because it wouldn't sell that he burned all the copies he could lay his hands on.

As much as he loved it around here, he never came back to spend much time. He had some trouble with his uncle Richard and aunt Susan, was the reason given. Anyway, he wound up back in Salem after graduation, despite the fact that he claimed he hated the place. He hadn't amounted to much, but someone did say about a year ago that he had gone to work in the Boston Custom House . . .

Your reveries end shortly after noon when the *Ethel* begins crossing Jordan's Bay. Soon you will be at White's Bridge and the entrance to Sebago Basin. Then your journey through the twenty-seven lower locks will just be beginning.

(continued next month)



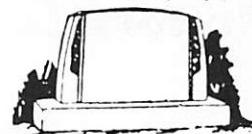
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... page 21 Jay's Journal
during that ill-fated winter meet. During one night race there was a complete and utter power failure. Luckily it only lasted a few seconds. On another occasion, blowing snow obscured the race track. As the temperatures fell to ten below zero on some occasions, the running times rose. Horses that normally ran a mile in two minutes and eight seconds in the summer were now running those same miles in two minutes and sixteen seconds.

With low attendance, low betting amounts, low temperatures and high times, the winter meet mercifully ended on January 25th.

What Scarborough endured with bad luck and bad weather, Lewiston enjoyed in good luck and good weather when their "early-bird" meet opened in mid-February. There was no competition from any Maine or Massachusetts tracks during the early spring and the weather was phenomenally warm. More time could be spent by the drivers concentrating on their driving rather than worrying about the weather. The last of the weather allowances disappeared from the program. The industry was beginning to relax as summer approached.

The action shifted from Lewiston Raceway to Scarborough Downs for the balance of the summer. But even during the summer the men and women of racing must battle the elements. Thundershowers and tropical storms can make a shambles of a coastal track such as Scarborough, which has no protection from the flat, open terrain around it. On August 31, 1980, minutes before the \$10,000 President's Race in which the horses were trying to break the magical two minute barrier, a thunderstorm whipped through the area. Lightning struck a light pole in front of the grandstand, sending fans fleeing for their safety. The rain made a mess of the track and the winning horse did not break two minutes.

So the Maine harness industry must battle whatever weather Maine offers: rain, thunder, snow, cold, wind, fog. Maine's racing industry is forced by lack of money to race most of the year, so this group of people, some from western Maine, battle the Maine weather more and more. Yet, they're winning.

... page 16 Medicine

(hence the diabetes) and damage to the liver (liver failure) and to the heart (heart failure). Large amounts of zinc, a mineral popular with vitamin megadosers, can produce nausea and vomiting and inflammation of the stomach lining with bleeding, as well as an increased incidence of still-births and premature babies. Excessive zinc has also been reported to produce a severe anemia.

The foregoing is not a preamble to Medicine's cynical view of vitamins and their potential. Active and meaningful research is presently evaluating vitamins as drugs rather than as dietary supplements for the treatment of various diseases. Megadoses of vitamin C are being evaluated for the treatment of familial polyposis coli, an hereditary form of precancerous colon disorder. One study has shown a beneficial effect, whereas a second study has shown no effect at all. Studies presently are attempting to evaluate the incidence of lung cancer in smokers who have lower than normal daily intake of vitamin A. Vitamin E is being evaluated as a possible cancer preventative because of its ability to block the biochemical action of some cancer-causing chemicals. Be assured as well that the large pharmaceutical houses are desperately trying to justify their multimillion dollar production of vitamin supplements.

A crux of the vitamin controversy has to do with our penchant for finding short-cuts. Rather than exercise and diet, Americans would rather take a pill. We would do well to ignore junk food and overly-processed empty calories, concentrating instead on a well-balanced diet of moderate caloric content and leave research in megavitamin therapy to those best qualified to evaluate it.

Dr. Lacombe practices in Norway, a member of Oxford Hills Internal Medicine Group.

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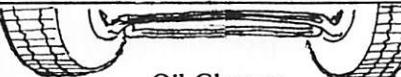
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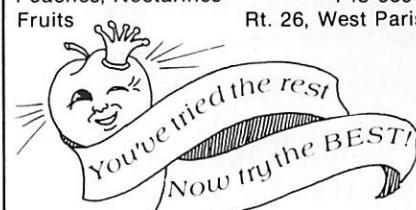
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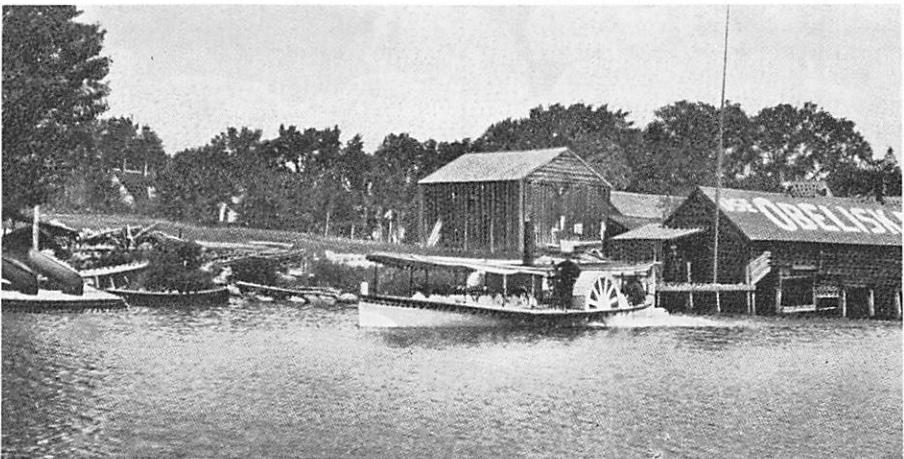
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Can You Place It?



Last month's **Can You Place It?** was sent to us from the J. & O. Irish Museum by Lorraine Greig of Hartford. It was the mill in the Dyer pasture just over the line from the Bartlett place in that town. The men were (right to left): George Burgess, Charles Hammond, Bill Davis, Angus MacPherson, Alton Morrison, John Harper, Elias Filbrick, David Tinkham with the dog, and two unknown woodsmen. Mrs. Thelma Corbett of South Paris wrote that it looked like the Nat Morrill sawmill on the Nezinscot River just at the edge of Buckfield village. We guess many sawmills looked alike in those days. This month's picture was a familiar sight to many in our area years ago. If you can identify it, please write to us at Box 6, Norway ME 04268.

PARIS: Maine Acting Company performing *The Owl And The Pussycat* Aug. 10 & 11; *The Good Doctor*, Aug. 24 & 25 in a dinner theatre setting at Positively Maine Street. For information and reservations, call 207-743-2736.

MUSIC

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165th ANNIVERSARY OF THE
FOUNDING OF GREENWOOD: The
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Mills is sponsoring activities to include
Fireman's Auxiliary Flea Market,
Antique and Art Show of paintings by
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Martin, May Farrington, George Tirrell,
Mary Fanning Stone, Fay Holt, Joyce
Hathaway, Atherton Furlong, and
Stanley Foss Bartlett.

The antique exhibit represents life in
New England and more especially
Greenwood and Locke Mills. Many fine
pieces from old families; railroad exhibit
of special collection.

There will be a church supper at the
Locke Mills Union Church in the evening,
followed by an old-fashioned dance at the
American Legion Post. A fun-filled
educational day on Aug. 8th.

PARIS HILL FOUNDERS DAY: Third
Annual Giant Flea Market and Antique
Car Show, featuring antique and classic
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Hamlin Memorial Library and Museum
on Aug. 15 from 9-4 (cars shown 10-4). Rain
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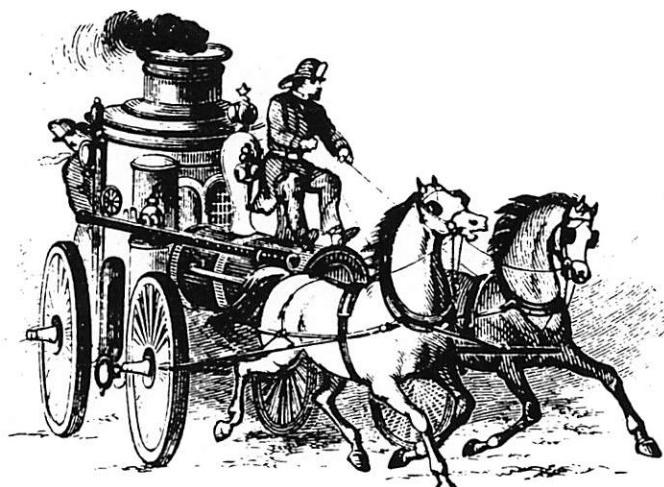
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